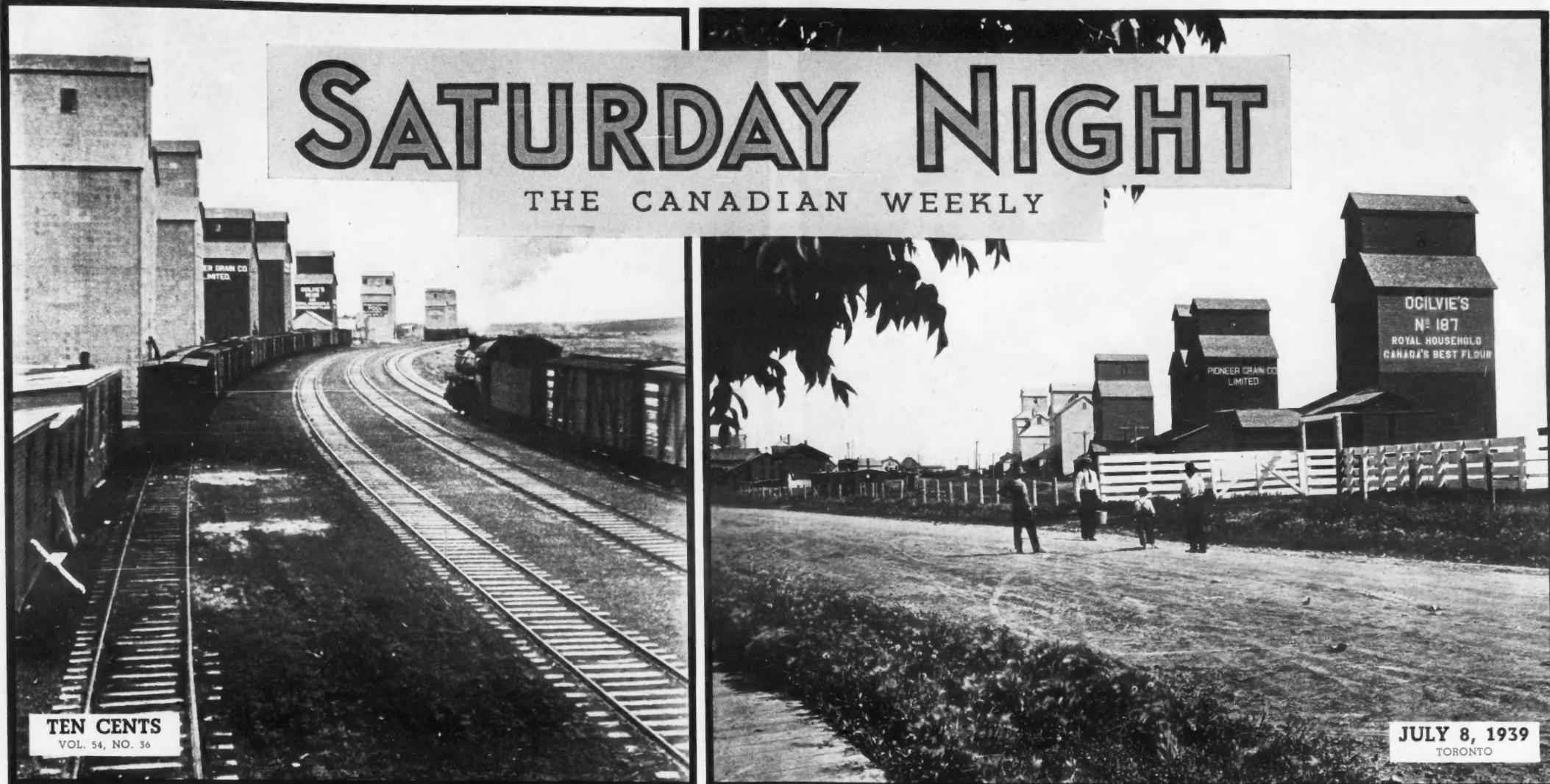


No, You Can't See Mr. Herridge! - By POLITICUS SEE PAGE TWO



Without question, the Souvenir Album which SATURDAY NIGHT will present to Their Majesties in the name of the amateur photographers of Canada will contain a magnificent collection of pictures relating to their tour of the Dominion. As soon as the entries closed last week, the judges began their task of selecting the pictures, special prints of which will ultimately be made by SATURDAY NIGHT for the Album; and as we go to press letters are going out to about one hundred and fifty entrants, requesting them to send in their negatives in accordance with the terms of the competition. The judges are enthusiastic about the variety, human interest and pictorial quality of the works selected. Final selection, both for prize-winners and for inclusion in the Album, must under the rules be deferred until the special prints are available for judging. A full list of those who have been asked to send in their negatives will appear in an early issue.

Cannot Canada Honor Them?

Y
THERE is considerable curiosity as to what is going to be done, if anything, to indicate the gratitude of the Canadian Government and people for some of the more brilliantly successful of the services rendered by official and unofficial individuals in connection with the Royal visit. The King Government is well known to hold itself bound by the Nickle Resolution against the conferring of titles on resident Canadians. There are, however, a number of lower grades in the orders of chivalry which do not confer the right to a title; and it would be interesting to know whether Mr. King is equally set against the use of these, on the possible ground that they are meaningless without the prospect of advancement to the higher grades. In the absence of any specifically Canadian distinction, we should have supposed that some of these lower grades, which at least enable the possessor to attach certain honorific letters after his name and to wear a small piece of ribbon in his lapel at formal dinners, would have been a useful means of rewarding services of a kind which obviously cannot be compensated for by any cash payment.

A striking example of the kind of service that we have in mind is that of Mr. Walter Thompson of the Publicity Department of the Canadian National Railways. Mr. Thompson had more to do with the successful publicization of the Royal visit—and that publicization was more than anything else responsible for the success of the later part of the visit, and especially of the trip to the United States—than anybody except Their Majesties in the whole organization. His work threw him into the closest contact with journalists from all over the world, most of whom are quite unfamiliar with the Nickle Resolution and know only that the Government which preceded Mr. King's handed out not only decorations but knighthoods for services and achievements no greater than Mr. Thompson's; it will certainly be a matter of much surprise to them if Canada does nothing to show its sense of the value of Mr. Thompson's work, not only in connection with this one great event, but for almost every important visitor that the Dominion has entertained since the war. It is true that Their Majesties gave very tangible evidence of their own appreciation of Mr. Thompson's work; but that does not relieve Canada of its own very special obligations. And there must be a number of other individuals to whom the nation is similarly obligated.

New Thoughts on Trade

DR. MANION'S observation at Queenston that he considers the idea of "regional tariffs" to be "worthy of consideration" does not seem to have evoked any enthusiasm in the Conservative press of Eastern Canada, and the press comment from Western Canada is not yet at hand as we write. The Westerners may be a little more enthusiastic, as they may get the idea that those regions which have the heaviest freight rates to pay on the protected goods of Eastern manufacture would be compensated by having a lower tariff. Anything more admirably calculated to increase the sectional animosities of

THE FRONT PAGE

this Dominion than the setting up of a lot of differential tariff scales for different parts of the country we find it hard to imagine. As the regions would tend in most cases to coincide with provinces, we should probably have the provinces themselves in the long run demanding the right to fix their own tariff rates at their own boundaries, or at least passing resolutions telling the Dominion what their local tariff ought to be.

Dr. Manion seems also to have a misleading idea of the relation between a protective tariff and a tariff for revenue. He argues from the fact that the British tariff collects \$25 per head while the Canadian collects only \$8.50, that Great Britain is a highly protected nation as compared with Canada. The fact of course is that the more efficiently a tariff functions for the production of revenue, the less effective it is as a protector of domestic industry. The true protective tariff is that which excludes all imports and therefore produces no revenue. Most of the items of the British tariff are of the opposite description, and produce a substantial revenue because they are not designed to exclude imports and protect domestic production.

Mr. Herridge's views about foreign trade are much simpler. We must not try to export things (he says "manufactured products," but the argument goes for any kind of product) which other countries can produce as naturally and well as we. And we must not import products which we can produce as naturally and well as other countries. It is as simple as that. All that the government has to do is to decide what the things are that Canada can produce as well as anybody, and prevent their importation; and then to decide what the things are that other countries can produce as well as Canada, and prohibit their export. Just as simple as that. No question here of tariff for revenue or protection; you just post up a sign at the border, "No Exit" or "No Entrance" as the case may be, and there you are, with the "highest measure of economic self-sufficiency compatible with the maintenance of the highest possible standard of living."

We do not much like the idea of Canada's foreign trade being managed on the principles of either of these statesmen, though we have no doubt that if

Dr. Manion got into power he would find himself a good Finance Minister and stop worrying about these abstruse problems. What sort of a Finance Minister Mr. Herridge would get we know not.

The League's Rights

THE League of Nations is very far from being either dead or unnecessary. It is the sovereign power over the Free City of Danzig; and if it has the courage and singleness of mind to accept the responsibilities of that sovereignty, and to defend its rights and obligations in the 754 square miles of its territory there, it will have taken a great step towards the re-establishment of its prestige.

The League of Nations is under no more obligation to accept the result of any and every plebiscite or election vote in a small fraction of territory under its sovereignty than any other sovereign power is under to do the same. The fact that the Danzigers have elected themselves a Nazi government is no proof whatever that they really and permanently, by a strong majority, desire to be incorporated in the Nazi Reich. In any area which is faced by a serious danger of being seized by the Reich in the early future it is quite impossible to get a free and untroubled expression of opinion from the citizens; the risks which attach to open opposition to Nazi claims are too grave. If Danzig were confident that the German designs upon it would be effectively resisted, the ostensible political views of a great number of Danzigers would almost certainly be swiftly changed. But even if this were not the case, the one people in all the world which has lost all right to claim the privilege of self-determination is the Nazi Germans; for their policy in Czechoslovakia has utterly repudiated that doctrine as a factor in their own conduct.

Danzig in itself, as the London *Times* amiably remarked some months ago, is not worth a war. But Danzig is a trust of the League of Nations, not for the Danzigers alone, but for the general peace and happiness of humanity. It is a strategic position, as well as being a collection of some 400,000 souls. To allow it to be voted out of the control of the League of Nations by the Danzigers alone is no more logical

than to allow Gibraltar to be voted out of the British Empire by the population of Gibraltar. The expression "not worth a war" is one which needs to be carefully qualified. No piece of territory, and no cause except the honoring of a sacred obligation, is worth a war that one has not a reasonable prospect of winning. But Danzig is a very important piece of territory; and the defense of the international rights of other nations in Danzig, and especially of the rights of Poland (which would have received Danzig outright but for the reluctance of the Versailles treaty-makers to put so large a block of Germans under non-German rule), is a very important cause. Incidentally the introduction last week of the blocked-mark system in Danzig would appear to be a gross violation of the economic rights of Poland in the Free City, and is probably a deliberate effort to provoke an impasse between the League and the Danzig municipal government. It is to be hoped that the League Commissioner will use all the powers available to him to maintain the League's authority.

Late J. A. Richardson

THE late James A. Richardson was at various times in his life a very wealthy man, and at other times considerably less wealthy; and according to general report he was again adding substantially to his fortune when death overtook him, at an unduly early age, last week. The fact that he was skilled in the making of money is, however, not at all the reason why we feel that his death deserves some comment in these columns. Rather the reason is partly that he did not mind risking, and occasionally losing, his money, if in doing so he was helping to promote enterprises which he deemed to be essential for the growth and prosperity of Canada.

What Canadian aviation owes to this native of Kingston, long-time resident of Winnipeg, and citizen of the entire Dominion, will not be fully known until the history of that form of transportation is written by a historian who will have to be expert in flying, economic geography, finance and politics. The Winnipeg *Free Press* says, with no more than justice, that he was "the first big Canadian to see in aviation a ready means to a great end"—the development of precious-metal ore deposits in inaccessible places by means of "bush flying."

It was he and his early associates who established what is now the accepted technique for this kind of flying, which is an entirely different business from the main-line commercial flying which was growing up simultaneously in more populous parts of the world. A large part of Canada's current gold production is the direct result of these early efforts, and nowhere in the world has the use of the airplane as the sole means of transport into difficult territory attained such efficiency.

Mr. Richardson found time also to do pioneering work in the application of several other new inventions to the needs of practical life, and his judgment in respect of novel ideas and processes gained him admission to the inner councils of numerous great industries. The things he had already started will go on; but it is difficult to see anybody on the horizon who will do as much in the next quarter-century to start new things as he did in the one that is past.

THE PASSING SHOW

BY HAL FRANK

WE WILL probably never know which is making Hitler more angry, keeping him out of Danzig or keeping him out of the headlines.

Now that the war news is so-so, I've time to master the Yo-Yo.
—Old Child-at-Heart Manuscript.

It is pretty difficult to decide what is true and what is propaganda in print these days, but a pretty good rule to follow is this: if you personally agree with what you read, it is fairly certain to be propaganda.

If Churchill and Eden enter Chamberlain's cabinet it will become fairly representative of the left and right in British politics—of those who were left at Munich and those who were right.

Question of the Hour: Do you think that was poison ivy we sat on?

Our age has always been accused of being materialistic, but now it has gone to the last extreme and become war-materialistic.

And you will know it is Utopia, too, because industry will have devised a permanent white for flannels.

Germans Again Ordered to Tighten Their Belts.—*Dawn Press*. They can blame only their own government for that encirclement policy.

We don't believe in dictatorship in the nation, but we agree that it would be highly efficient in the summer cottage around dish-washing time.

But the real destroyers of our social life are the friends who drop in while you are listening to your favorite radio program and say: "For heaven's sake get something decent on the radio!"

A correspondent writes to explain why liberal-minded people cannot open their mouths in Quebec. They're suffering from padlock-jaw.

Hitler, we read, is worried about his increasing weight. As things are it's hard enough for him to throw his present weight around.

The appendix is a useless part of the body and only makes itself noticeable when it causes trouble. We wonder if scientists of the future will reach the same conclusion about the human brain.

Esther says she has finally made up her mind about her summer vacation. She says she is going to England to repay the visit of the King and Queen.



No, You Can't Ask Mr. Herridge What It All Means

BY POLITICUS

LAST week Major the Hon. William Duncan Herridge, B.A., K.C., D.S.O., M.C., invaded Ontario with his New Democracy. But it was an invasion that was as new and as carefully coddled as the tiniest incubator baby. For a Movement (his followers refuse to call it a party) that expects to gain public support it is singularly guarded from the voters to whom it is making its appeal.

The Toronto meeting was originally planned for Massey Hall. But Massey Hall holds about 3,500 people. There were other reasons for its not being held at Massey Hall and filling the auditorium was not the sole consideration. The New Democracy does not want questions asked. It is a glass-case infant that believes in the radio alone. The result was that after much manoeuvring the Toronto District Labor Council sponsored the meeting, which was closed to the public. Trade unionists alone were to be admitted. Those entering the Labor Temple were asked their union affiliation before being admitted to the meeting.

The hall, which according to T.D.L.C. Secretary J. W. Buckley can hold 700 people, had less than 400

RAVEL

(Hart House String Quartet)

FOUR men with a velvet curtain behind them. Green stage-light turning its folds into trees. Sound beginning from somewhere invisible. As though it came from caverns underground: As thin as crystal air comes that far sound —

A slender forest wakes before the mind. Some frail notes blow through the forest. Deep into silence move the strings. The leaves are listening, and the hunt is on: Faint icy bugles penetrate the air. Mysterious calls from every here and there. Sunmorn far, muted notes to make reply.

These paths are deep and narrow through the ferns. The old-scale music hurries to and fro — Lost footsteps come again to feel the earth. Primitive steps, that slide between the leaves. Small sound, that like some ancient shuttle weaves A silver theme to lead us through the wood.

Slowly this magic fades into the velvet curtain. And four men have returned us to the world. In the silence Ravel and his secret remain — Dim fairyland — warm earth — or unguessed heaven.

"Enter these enchanted woods who dare?" Immortal challenge given to mortal air —

KATHERINE HALE.

present. There were eight in the balcony by actual count and the 400 figure is the most liberal guess. There were plenty of empty seats on the ground floor.

The unveiling was carefully undertaken from the start. Members of the executive of the New Democracy Organising Committee, Ontario Central District, went about the hall telling the right people to cheer just as Mr. Herridge went on the air. And just before the announcer stepped to his microphone to announce the speaker to the 19-station Ontario-Quebec-Prairie Provinces hook-up the chairman of the meeting warned the audience that there would be no question period. The curious and patient audience made no democratic objections, not even those present who were "borers from within."

Cheers Have to Wait

The speech was perfectly timed to last 45 minutes. It went on the air just before the Joe Louis-Tony Galento fight. There was neither the power of a Louis nor the wild drive of a Galento revealed in the address. Instead there was the reading of a carefully prepared 14-page printed speech. In order to have the visible audience better follow the generalities, copies of the speech were distributed as the hall was entered.

Close to the platform sat a man with a powerful voice. Unlike the meetings of the regular parties, the claque were not instructed well enough in advance. As the audience waited for the signal that Major Herridge would go ahead, the man with the powerful voice rose and shouted: "Mr. Chairman, shall we now give three rousing cheers for Mr. Herridge?"

The chairman: "No, better wait. He has twenty seconds, no, ten seconds, before he goes on the air."

When Mr. Herridge was on the air the cheers rose tumultuously as arranged for. Such was the staging for the new party (beg pardon, movement) launched in Ontario.

Mr. Herridge is not a good platform speaker. He has a poor voice. When he comes to a particular point in his script that he expects will draw applause

he gives his hips a wiggle. For change of pace he rolls his head. His voice is flat. His manner is not the kind that goes with leaders of popular movements.

There were innumerable examples of foggy thinking in the address. But in fairness to Mr. Herridge that is a common fault of all politicians. One might have expected a new movement to the promised land to chart the road. In damming the existing parties, whom Mr. Herridge is going to toss out on their ears, the leader of the new faith might have been expected at least to offer something specific in the way of policy. There was precious little in that line.

As the fairest example to Mr. Herridge here is his policy on railways. It is in keeping with the circumlocution of New Democracy. "In this new system, railways, highways, waterways and air-ways each will have its scientifically designated place. The place of railways will be pivotal. That means vast railways, modern and efficient. Weeds will not grow upon their tracks. For these railways will be redesigned primarily upon the basis of public service and not dividends. Freight rates and other tolls will be cut down. Today they paralyze efficiency.

"With a great transportation system must go a great communication system. Radio is as vital as the postal services."

What God Meant

Discussion of Major Herridge's platform is made very difficult for a number of reasons. Under the sub-heading "God Meant Us To Have Security" is the following paragraph: "For we know that if this movement fails, truth fails. Because God meant that every one of you should have security. This movement is your only hope of it. I would not dare say that, did I not believe that what I say is right."

But duty is duty.

Shades of pre-depression American politicians with their chickens in pots and their two cars in every garage! Here is another quotation from the speech under the sub-heading, "A Car To Every Family."

"We must have good roads and every family with a motor car. We must have a building program that will build houses. Every one of us shall have a home. That is the way towards sound production and equitable distribution. These go together naturally. When you have them the only shortage shall be that of labor."

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Why Do These Fishermen Lie?

"Gather ye minnows while ye may,
Old Time his net is plying.
The very fish that swims today
Tomorrow may be frying."

—Keith Preston

THE Psalmist, whoever he was, solemnly declared that all men were liars. To be just, one must mention his admission that he had spoken in haste. Nevertheless, fishermen may be forgiven for suspecting that he was prompted to make his charge by hearing a band of anglers tell their tales after a day on the Jordan. Or who knows but that he may have just returned from the annual dinner of the Palestine Fish and Game Association?

Who of us frequenters of northern lake resorts has not at times felt the urge to lay the same charge—even minus the allowance for haste? We cannot but recall Walton's description of the high character of anglers, and then hasten to make comparisons. Has the world ever known a more impudent inconsistency? Walton found "that the hearts of such men, by nature, were fitted for contemplation and quietness; men of mild and sweet and peaceable spirits, as indeed most Anglers are . . ." How comes it about, then, that in a day's brief span, and merely through a change of scene, our intimate friend, known in business and in private affairs alike as a man of his word, has deserved Mark Twain's description of a certain personage, "an experienced, industrious, ambitious, and often picturesque liar"? Or as Congreve would say, "a liar of the first magnitude"? By what magic, what sleight-of-hand is this complete transformation brought about?

Angling and Decadence

But the mystery is even deeper than this question would suggest; it touches our own characters too. Why is it that we, the observers, who are so smugly proud of our own moral rectitude, do not regard the phenomenon with unmixed horror, but rather are conscious of secretly admiring—and even envying—our friend's sudden achievement? Are we going to the dogs? If the decay of character in the individual is, as some claim, the greatest menace to our present civilization, angling must surely be a matter of national importance. The subject is worthy of study by a Seneca of a Bacon.

The normal human approach to an answer to any question is of course to postpone an answer by asking another question. So we now ask: Is there any element inherent in angling that naturally invites to untruth—or, since we must be charitable—to inaccurate statement? The common answer is prompt and simple: Yes, there is; it is what many call the apparently indispensable accompaniment of angling. You know what I mean, of course. Even the abstemious Thoreau grants it its place in the ceremony of fishing. "Rather a preponderance of the fluid elements," he comments, "but such is the fisherman's nature." The logic of it all is quite clear: indeed, a perfect syllogism.

Angling requires water;

Water is a fluid;

Ergo, angling must be accompanied by fluids.

The effect of the accompaniment is common knowledge: it grievously impairs the faculty of counting correctly. Robert Burns is our witness of what we mean, and he ought to be a good one. As evidence we offer a stanza of his poem, "Death and Doctor Hornbook."

"The rising moon began to glow'
The distant Cunnoch hills out-owre.
To count her horns, wi' a' my pow',
I set myself;

But whether she had three or four,
I cou'd na tell."

It is perfectly obvious, then, why some anglers make such egregious errors in the simplest arithmetical calculations. Even famous chartered accountants who audit the books of huge corporations have been known, in their capacity as anglers, to ignore in statement differences between, say, eight inches and twelve inches, half a pound and two pounds, three fish and a dozen fish. Apparently, for them the differences simply do not exist. But certainly the discrepancy between what we see and what they say is enough to shake our faith in the word of anglers of their class—at least when they are speaking of angling.

But this does not tell the whole story of shaken faith. What about the reliability of that class of anglers who dispense with the indispensable? Are their statements of lengths and girths and weights and catches any more trustworthy than those of their brethren who have been inspired by the indispensable? Alas, I fear not. Despite their ascetic sobriety their word about their angling experiences is suspect even when it is as yet only half uttered. We must probe more deeply.

Nature to Blame

The fact is that I have been probing the matter deeply for many years, and at the end of each probe have been stopped at precisely the same point. I can never get any farther. That point, I regret to say, is an alibi. And how I hate alibis! And this one most of all for it seems to be the most cowardly. An overwhelming sense of truth (I hope I shall be believed this time) compels me to cast the blame chiefly upon Nature. Is it indeed not Nature who has surrounded the catching of fish with such a complex of vaguenesses and obscurities and uncertainties that accuracy of observation and statement are almost impossible? Is it not also Nature who has equipped man with a mechanism that responds fittingly to this condition?

It has become a platitude throughout the world that the fisherman and the farmer are the greatest gamblers with Nature. It is of great significance that Fortuna, the great Roman Goddess of Luck, was originally the goddess of the farmer. She now presides over the destiny of the fisherman as well. Consider how she heaps up the chances against him. He has to reckon with every possible phase of that great variable we call weather—with wind or calm, wave or ripple, rain or snow, heat or frost, sun or cloud. Then add to these—sects, baits, supplies, rocks, sandbanks, the movements of the fish and a host of other unpredictables. Consider how few places there are where the fisherman can see his fish. As a rule the surface of the water and its dark depths are as pitilessly secretive as the very Fates. Beneath them may lurk the greatest school of fish an angler

BY W. SHERWOOD FOX

ever dreamed of in his wildest dreams—or there may lurk nothing. Who can tell? And yet, if he has exercised ordinary common sense in choosing a spot where fish are normally likely to be, the angler must persevere patiently, for, says Stephen Gwynn, "He who fishes without conviction, seldom catches fish." And conviction, of course, demands patience.

Seeing is Believing

Now what happens if against these odds a fish is actually hooked? The angler suddenly is possessed by a great exhilaration. He experiences a tremendous thrill in capturing something out of a great dim unknown; in creating something as it were out of a vacuum. The unexpectedness of it all drives calm statement out of the door and lets romance and fancy in. Ordinary prosaic assertion of fact becomes inadequate to express what the angler feels and sees. And what does he see? Through that great deceiver, Refraction of Light, he sees a portentous monster cleaving the water in wild dashes back and forth. Its huge size is indisputable, for he beholds it with his own eyes. Its exceptional weight is likewise beyond question, for with his own hands he feels the pull of it. It would be contrary to nature to expect him in such a crisis as this to remember that a club lodged behind a boulder can tug like a lounge boring down into a deep hole; that a sunfish snagged in the side and mechanically forced to present a broadside to the water can cavor like a fair-sized bass.

Now what happens? Only one of two things can happen: the angler either lands the monster or doesn't. If he doesn't, it will always remain a monster, for his evidence that he has seen and felt it is absolutely incontrovertible. So if he tells you it is a veritable whale, he is not really lying. Be indulgent to your friend: he is not deceiving but is himself deceived. This conclusion cannot but bring relief to you by whitewashing the reputation of a host of acquaintances, as well as your own.

But what about the angler who lands the monster and finds it to be only a tiny tiddler below legal length? The meaning of the ancient fable suddenly flashes through his mind and overwhelms him with humiliation: "The mountain labored and brought forth a ridiculous mouse." Badgered by his sense of loss, by his knowledge that he has made a sorry exhibition of himself, and by a fear that he is congenitally inferior to other anglers, he falls back upon Nature's protective mechanism and—makes excuses? No—simply fabricates enormous fictions. To cite samples were superfluous; we all know them, examples of our own utterances as well as those of others. There

is none guiltless, no, not one. Now the worst of it all is yet to be mentioned: we smile indulgently at these deceptions, condone them and treasure them in our memories as charming illustrations, to be recited before our children throughout the years, of how angling is the supremest of all human sports in that it invariably implants and enhances the major Christian virtues in its votaries.

Liar and Citizen

What is the sum of the matter—of this anatomy of the angler and his charming inaccuracies? Apparently, we must admit that the angler is the great paradox of civilization in that he can be at once a liar and a citizen of unblemished character. We must accord him special licence, such, for example, as we grant the lover or the novelist. The lover may declare to the world from the housetop that his innamorata is the fairest lady that has ever graced this earth, but we never dream of charging him with the moral delinquency of intending to deceive. The novelist proffers us untrue tales and we pay him good money for them. Why, then, if our fishing friend craves to entertain us with his fictions without money and without price—why, O, why should we not indulge him by lending him an uncritical ear? Why not understand at once that his exaggerations are not designed to mislead, but, on the contrary represent a perfectly natural effort to show how successful he has been against great odds, what Man can do against the opposing forces of Nature, that the human mind and spirit can defeat even the greatest battalions of the realm of things? If we do thus understand—and we need draw on only a fraction of our knowledge of human nature to do so—we shall then be in the mood to learn why, as Brendan Lee tells us,

"Fishing is still, as it ever was, the most artless, the most who'some, the most child-like, and, therefore, the most heavenly recreation to be found in the wide world. It is the one infallible remedy against growing old in spirit; and whether you start in the morning of life or in the evening, all its benefits are yours from the beginning."

Angling, and the weaving of strange tales—apparently these are by nature a pair of inseparables. The only thing I know that can divorce them is the application of statistics to angling. But it will do more than that, unspeakably more—it will be the end of both of them. By suppressing the colorful fictions it will deprive angling of a vital element of its wonderful charm and both will vanish from our human life. So damned be he who first endeavors—even in the interest of Truth—to apply statistics to "the most heavenly recreation to be found in the world!"

FROM WEEK TO WEEK

With and Without History

BY B. K. SANDWELL

IT WAS a showery day, the day we did the Government Pavilions on the Old Marshes of Flushing, Long Island. Three times we were held up by rain and compelled to return beneath the shelter of a governmental roof and contemplate the significance of a governmental exhibit. Once in the British Pavilion; once in the Russian Pavilion; once in the Italian Pavilion. And from these contemplations certain philosophical reflections emerged. They relate to the attitudes of nations towards their history.

The British unquestionably want World's Fair visitors to be interested in their country's history. Especially its mediaeval history. They have gone heraldic on a tremendous scale. Never have there been so many coats of arms, so many crests, so many banners, so many lions and unicorns on view in an American exhibition. The Britain that the Americans are being asked to think about is the Britain of the Age of Chivalry. True, there is a faint attempt to link up the Age of Chivalry with the Age of Internal Combustion; there are dissolving panoramas showing the same British cathedral town under the monks, under the great landlords, and under the motor manufacturers. But the linkage is a bit difficult. The cathedral is so obviously a vital part of the fortifications—physical and moral—under the monks, and so obviously an anachronistic relic under the motor manufacturers.

There is an authentic contemporary copy of Magna Charta. There are replicas of the Crown Jewels. There is Charles the First's Bible with notes in his own hand. There are murals symbolizing the growth of the British Empire under the Drakes and the Ruperts and the Clives. And there are graphs of the amount of milk supplied to British school children, and a vast map showing every British merchant ship in transit on the world's high seas; but somehow these present-day things do not seem to link up very well with the unicorns and the armor and the portcullises and the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

And then, between showers, we went over to Italy. The Italian Pavilion is topped by a lady who if she only had a trident would look exactly like Britannia, and who even without a trident seems to be asserting a definite determination to Rule the Waves of at least the Mediterranean Sea, Mare nostrum, at the Italian Lake. And the Italians are also in a mood to demand the attention of America to their history.

The Magnificent M

But it is a strange history. It skips the mediaeval period, on which Britain lays such stress. We could not see any signs that Dante amounted to anything in it. The history we are here asked to contemplate is the history of Imperial Rome. The omnipresent symbol is the licitor's bundle of the rods and the axe, representing the state's power to impose its will by force, combined with the letter M.

And here again the process of linking up the past—the particular past that we are asked to contemplate—with the present is difficult. It is the letter M that causes the difficulty. For the Imperial Rome of the Republic and of the Caesars never pinned its faith to one letter. The sign under which Rome subdued the world was not the initial of the single name of one man; it was the SPQR of the legions, the "Senate and People of Rome," that strange combination of an aristocracy and a strong democracy which fought so persistently between themselves at home and presented such a united front against their country's enemies. The only precedent for the single initial is in the insignia of the Napoleonic Empire of France. It did not last very long, although there

were plenty of males to carry on the name—and the initial—in succeeding generations? Who will carry on the M? Will Count Ciano adopt the surname of his father-in-law and become Mussolini II?

There are vast maps of Rome under the Caesars and Rome under Mussolini—of the Roman Empire under the Caesars and the Roman (or should we say the Italian?) Empire under Mussolini. Careless visitors might easily gather the impression that the two periods were almost contemporaneous—that Mussolini was personally coached in the technique of empire by one of the later Western Emperors, that only a generation or so elapsed between Julius Caesar's personally conducted Conquest of Britain and Mussolini's not so personally conducted Conquest of Ethiopia.

There is also a lot of contemporary Italian art, both painting and sculpture. The Italian art of our own time has always seemed to us a bit self-assertive; and this quality is in no way diminished by the influence of the Fascist régime. It is violent, dogmatic, proclamatory. It is the wind and the fire and never the still small voice. It repeats in a hundred forms the injunction of the motto blazoned upon every wall, over every exhibit: "Believe, Obey, Fight." The technique may be that of the artist himself; Signor Mussolini has not yet undertaken to tell his painters and sculptors, as Hitler has, not only what they must portray but how they must portray it. But the idea, the meaning, is always the same, is always the dogma of the new religion of the state.

Christian Rome Not Here

It is an exclusive religion. The Rome of Christianity is not included in this show. Vatican City is not part of Mussolini's Italy. That which this Pavilion exhorts us to "believe" is not the Apostles' Creed; that which it would have us "obey" is not the Ten Commandments; that which it orders us to "fight" is not the enemies of Christendom.

The sun came out again, and we went over to the Pavilion of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics—which Union is theoretically not a nation but the beginning of a world-wide society or league of Communist peoples. And here there is no history at all (just a whiff, perhaps, of Peter the Great, who is represented as a sort of early Commissar of Heavy Industry), and all is consecrated to the Present and yet more to the Future. In a World's Fair expressly devoted to the World of Tomorrow, the U.S.S.R. exhibit is more in keeping with the keynote than anything else in the place; and it knows it, and proudly dominates the Fair with its huge horse-shoe-shaped building with a massive tower topped by a gigantic statue which we think is Labor Omnipotent but is certainly not Trotsky.

No history, did we say? Not so; there is history, but it is the history of things to hate, to get away from—things capitalistic, pre-Revolution, bourgeois, evil and tyrannical. Changing panoramas, executed and lighted with marvelous skill, depict the labor of the peasant under the Tsarist landlords and under the benevolent paternalism of the Collectivized Farm. The accent is on machinery, but not on machinery as a means of reducing costs and thus enhancing profits, rather on machinery as a means of reducing the hours and muscular exertions of the peasant's day. (It is really a more pleasant way of thinking of it, at that.) The secondary accent is on social organization—the provision for the health, housing, transport, education and entertainment of the proletarian masses. Are those masses free and happy? Well, if Soviet art is to be trusted they are, to at least one hundred per cent.

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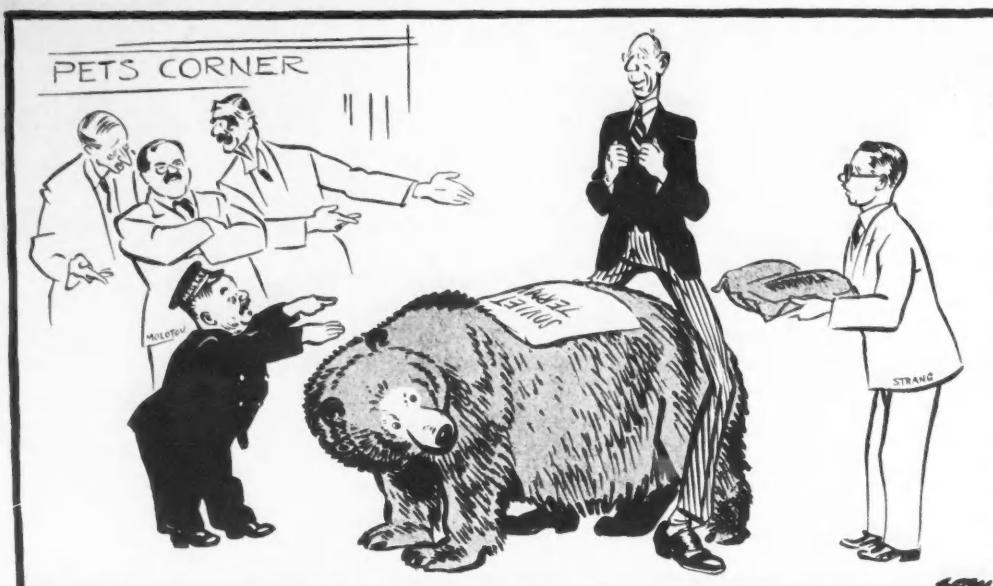
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THE WEEK IN CANADA

Announced:

By W. J. CAMERON, for 21 years public relations adviser to Henry Ford, that the latter is turning out a tractor that will revolutionize agriculture. Said Mr. Cameron, who was visiting in Toronto last week: "He's just as excited over it as he was over his first car. Mr. Ford expects his new machine to revolutionize farming." Cameron claimed that the tractor would

provide more hobbies are literature, swimming, boxing and jiu-jitsu. His wife, a former Vienna music critic explained: "He's the pianist; I'm the teacher." One time she covered one of her husband's concerts. Said she: "I wrote that 'among pianists, he's my man,' and all Vienna was amused."

Exercised:

By GEORGE BROWN, trapper and gold miner, his stable of 3 horses, after bringing them 125 miles down the Saskatchewan River to Edmonton, Alta. When the racing season ended last year, Brown had only \$5, so he walked his stable to Keep Hills in the bush country 125 miles west of Edmonton, and wintered his horses there. Late this spring he began to build a



raft. When it was finished, it measured 36 feet long and 18 feet wide. Onto it he loaded the 3 horses: "Flaming Lizzie", "Last Chance" and "Torpedo II". Then despite the many hazards of the Saskatchewan River, he floated his hopefuls down to Edmonton without a mishap. He intends to make entries at all the tracks on the prairie circuit: at Edmonton, Saskatoon and Regina. "Flaming Lizzie" is a 6-year-old mare; "Last Chance" is a 14-year-old mare; and "Torpedo II" is an unbroken 2-year-old.

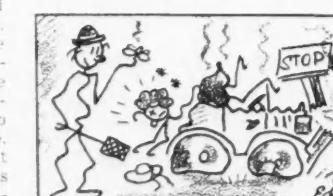
Arrived:

MORIZ ROSENTHAL, with his pianist wife to conduct master classics in the piano at the Toronto Conservatory of Music. At the age of 10, Rosenthal made his debut in concert work, at 14 played before the courts of Rumania and Russia. Fractional autobiography: "At 14 I was a pupil of Liszt. He had a wonderful heart and was cultivated in the extreme... Brahms and I were close friends. Hundreds of times we went on promenades together, and he used to climb up four flights of stairs to see me. He liked me in spite of the fact that I was a pupil of Liszt and he was an enemy of Liszt." He is temperamental. Said he: "Every musician is temperamental. He must be. He must feel violence as well as charm. And I play better some times than others. The audience matters.... The piano matters. Regardless of the fabrication of this one or that one, there is a difference in pianos. Some respond. Some do not." Born in Lemberg, Austria, the great pianist has never returned since Hitler marched into his native country. His



Stung:

The ankle of GEORGE BENMAN of Toronto, Ont. Result: the complete destruction of 3 highway signs and about \$20 damage to the front of Benman's automobile. Benman and his wife were driving north through the town of Orillia, Ont., on traffic-free No. 11 Highway. Just where Highways No. 11 and 12 form a junction, the bee, possibly irritated by its temporary loss of freedom, lit on Benman's ankle like a ball of fire and proceeded to sizzle. Benman lost control of the car, which sped up over the cement curb, broke through 2 large wooden signs and demolished a small metal one. Later he tendered the bee as "Exhibit A" to Orillia Chief of Police William G. Carson. It was dead.



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BENJAMIN BRITEN, famed young English composer, shows the score of his recently completed concerto which will be given world premiere by Eugene Goossens, to H. T. Jamieson, president of the Canadian Performing Right Society. Mr. Britten interrupted his Canadian holiday tour to appear as guest artist with the New York Philharmonic orchestra.

Found:

By STREET CAR MOTORMAN ROY DINSMORE of Vancouver, B.C., an old bag under a seat in his car at the end of the line. He didn't think much of it until an almost hysterical street car inspector drove up, stopped him, and asked for the bag. Said the inspector, snatching it avidly from Motorman Dinsmore's hand: "There's only \$26,000 worth of negotiable securities in that bag!" It had been left on the street car by an elderly couple who believed it would be safer to take their valuables with them when they went sightseeing.

Pooh-Poohed:

By HIS EXCELLENCY DON LEOPOLDO AROSEMARA, minister of government and justice of Panama, Nazi influence in the Republic. The first ranking minister of Panama ever to visit Canada, Don Leopoldo had this to say of German trade methods: "We won't have any of that trick German money in Panama! We had one experience and once was enough. We sold Germany a lot of coffee. It was supposed to be a cash deal, but when it came to pay they hemmed and hawed, but didn't pay. They wanted to give us cameras or something like that. We wanted money and only money... and we got it. The balance of trade was heavily in favor of Germany. We said that unless they paid for the coffee we'd boycott them completely, so they paid, and since then whatever deals we have made are—and will be—cash deals." Asked if Japan was flooding Panama with goods to pay canal tolls, Don Leopoldo replied: "She did for awhile, but our people are wise to the cheapness of Japanese goods... Unluckily, however, our own merchants sell a lot of Japanese trinkets to tourists... The Japanese have flooded the United States with fake Panama hats and the people of Ecuador, working under slave conditions, have seriously damaged our trade in other lands. In Ecuador they pay hat workers 5 cents a day... Our minimum is 50 cents a day."



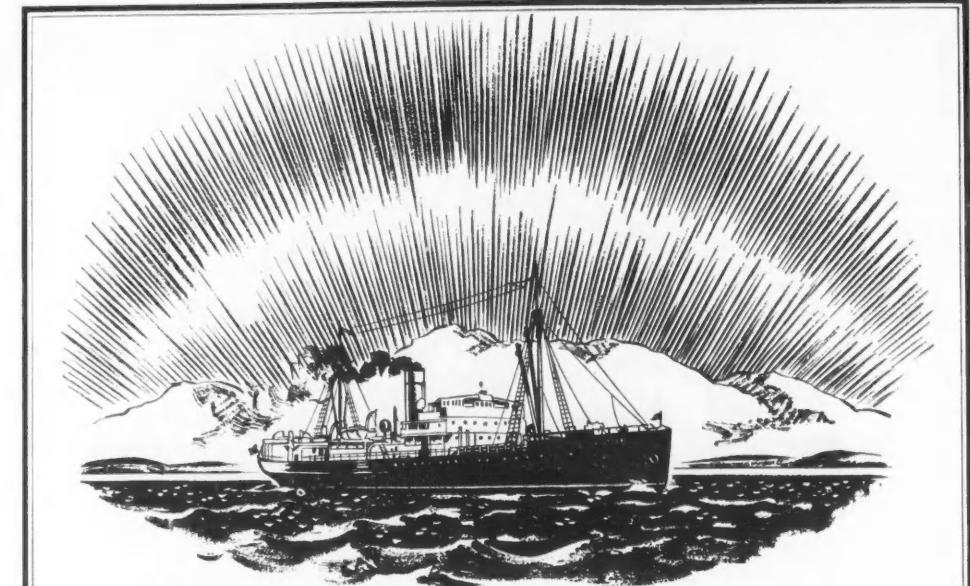
Established:

By SAXON COLE, 26-year-old former Queen's University chemistry student, a Canadian, and perhaps a world's record, for learning to fly solo. For one day last week he knocked off work in the department of agriculture and learned to fly in 5 hours and 15 minutes. His story: "I was playing bridge a few nights ago with friends who are members of the Ottawa Flying Club. They told me it would take from a month to 6 weeks to learn how to fly. I made several bets I could do it in a day instead of spacing out the instruction periods." Of his experience: "By the time I got through I was a physical wreck and could hardly stand up. It was tiring, but I won my bets." They amounted, in all, to \$12. His feelings: "The scenery is much better up there, although flying is no more thrilling than driving a motor car for the first time." Cole will have to put in 5 hours' solo flying and take a test to get a private pilot's license. He expects to qualify in a week. He will have to put in 25 hours' solo flying before he is allowed to take up passengers. He gives himself a month to qualify for this authorization.



Scoffed At:

ZIPPERS ON SOLDIERS' PUTTEES by seasoned Ottawa military officials who were only mildly interested in reports from Vernon, B.C., that an inventive



Christmas Shopping in July...

People with friends in the Arctic must do their Christmas shopping very early indeed! For R.M.S. Nascopie, which carries the yearly mail to the Eastern Arctic, leaves Montreal in July. This year her voyage will be the 270th of "the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay". She covers 10,000 miles carrying supplies to mission stations, trading posts and the Mounted Police. Her cargo includes, among other things, baby carriages, Christmas presents and tobacco products.

When her smoke has faded from the horizon, the long, lonely Arctic night closes down on the traders, trappers, mission workers and policemen of Labrador and Hudson's Bay. That night would be desolate indeed but for the products of the tobacco industry. Kingsley called tobacco, suggesting moments which come to everyone, "a lone man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad man's cordial, a wakeful man's sleep, and a chilly man's fire".

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officer of the British Columbia Regiment of the Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles had conceived the idea. They didn't think that zippers would become an army issue. An honest-to-goodness puttee should be rolled around the lower leg. A concession is made to the military Beau Brummels who like to fold the puttee in the centre of the shin-bone, giving it a criss-cross effect. But that is rigidly restricted to 3 folds. Mounted troops start at the knee and roll their puttees downward to the ankle. That roll is permitted to emphasize the superior social standing of the lad who does his scrapping on horseback, and to distinguish him from the mud-slogging infantryman. Contemptuous comment of a grizzled veteran on soldiers who wear zippers: "Just plain sissies. Next thing the militia'll be issued w/ powder puffs and they'll be carrying their bombs in vanity bags."

Celebrated:

"Canada Day" at the New York World's Fair in honor of the 72nd anniversary of Confederation. HON. W. D. EULER, Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce formally dedicated the Canadian Pavilion, which was the focal point of exercises that lasted from morning until night. At anchor in New York Harbor were the Canadian destroyers *Sheena* and *Saguenay* and their 250 men and officers, immaculate in summer white, paraded at the Fair. To the cheers of 10,000 in the Fair's Court of Peace, a troop of Royal Canadian Mounted Police performed a dashing musical ride. Speaking from the steps of the Canadian Pavilion, Mr. Euler declared that the powerful ties between the two countries were never stronger than they are today. Said he: "The peoples of the neighboring countries share a respect for the rights of others, a belief in the inherent worth of human life and personality, and a conviction that the well-being of the individual is, and should remain, the end of all government."



Married:

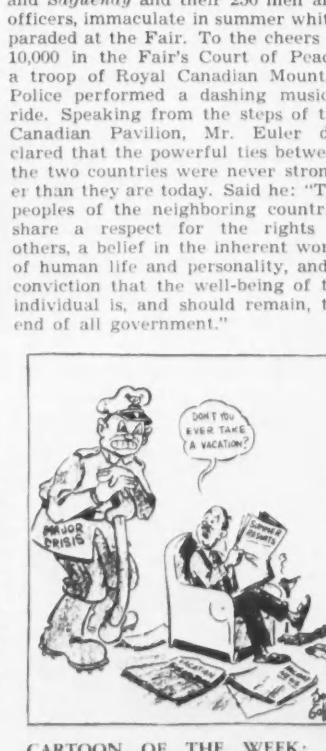
MARGARET MARY MULLIGAN of Burnley, Eng., to BASIL MOLINARO of Rossland, B.C. For 2 years Basil courted Margaret Mary by mail. The couple had been "introduced" by Margaret Mary's 2 uncles who live near Rossland, and when pictures were exchanged the romance began in earnest. Two months ago, after accepting an offer of marriage, Margaret Mary, who was a dressmaker in England, arrived in Canada. At that time the pretty, blue-eyed, 28-year-old bride-to-be described Molinaro as "a nice, respectable young man". And last week in the Sacred Heart Church at Rossland, Margaret Mary Mulligan and her "nice, respectable young man", Basil Molinaro, were wed. After a short honeymoon, the couple will live at Molinaro's ranch, 2 miles from Rossland.



Elated:

MRS. A. BENNETT, 86-year-old resident of Fergus, Ont., at her first airplane flight. Years ago Mrs. Bennett spied an airplane flying over Fergus and decided she would like to ride in one. Last week she was visiting in Brantford, Ont., prevailed upon relatives to drive her to the airport for her first flight. Afterwords she told her pilot, Tom Senior, that the flight was "wonderful." Said she: "It was just like being in a hammock. I've always wanted to ride in a plane and I feel sorry for anyone who has never been in one."

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CARTOON OF THE WEEK: As warmer weather guides headline-jaded minds into less strenuous channels, the possibility of an Eastern crisis rears its ugly head, and John Collins in the *Montreal Gazette* comments sadly "Speaking of Holidays".

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THE LONDON LETTER

"Wired Wireless" -- Just Press the Button

London, June 9.

BY P.O'D.

PEOPLE in this country will soon have to give up talking of "wiredless" and adopt some other name for it—even "radio" will hardly do. A great part of the wireless of the country will soon not really be wireless at all. The Postmaster-General is getting ready to wire it—over the telephone lines. And wired wireless is absurd.

As a matter of strict fact, a good deal of British broadcasting is already conducted over wires by the various relay companies which operate in the more congested areas. Some little while ago the Post Office decided to take over these companies and incorporate them in its own relay systems—the relay systems, that is, which it was planning to install. But time is short, and the need is apparently pressing—or Hitler is.

Now the relay companies are being asked to extend their connections, and are promised that their licenses will also be extended for another ten years. The Post Office, on its side, will thus be able to concentrate on transmission over the telephone lines. Since the wires are already there, why not use them?

So far as the ordinary telephone subscriber is concerned, the installation and operation of the new system will be quite simple. All he will have to do is connect up his ordinary wireless set with his telephone. After that it is merely a matter of pressing buttons.

"You switch the set on by pressing a button," the Postmaster-General himself explains. "You press another button, and a voice tells you the time. You press the button again, and get

the National Programme. You press the button again, and get the Regional Service. You press it again, and get the Empire Service."

It sounds delightfully easy. And, if you become a little bored with the B.B.C.—as quite a few of us are apt to now and then—you have only to ignore the buttons, and go back to tuning-in Paris or Stockholm or Berlin or whatever other station your fancy may dictate. There is nothing to prevent.

The reason for the innovation and the haste with which it is to be installed is Defence, my dears—just in case some of Herr Hitler's young Nazis should succeed in wrecking or jamming the B.B.C.'s broadcasting stations. Putting the telephone system out of action is apparently a much more difficult and complicated job—almost impossible, we are assured. Nice to know that something will probably be safe!

Make Yourself at Home

Last week was Ascot Week, and not a very fortunate or happy one this year—except, of course, for the lucky devils who backed winners. The absence of the King and Queen put a damper on everything, and the weather did the rest. In fact, "damp" is a mild word for the way the rain came down and the mud came up.

More than any other of the country's great race-meetings, Ascot is dependent on royal patronage. Not for nothing is it called Royal Ascot. People do, of course, go to see the horses run, and to endow with shillings or pounds, as the case may be,

those worthy fellows the book-makers. But they go quite as much—or even more, perhaps—to gaze upon Royalty in the sacred Enclosure, and upon all the divinities and dignitaries who display themselves there in garments that make modistes and tailors weep tears of sheer aesthetic delight.

Best of all, I think, is that gorgeous drive down the course, when the King and Queen arrive in the famous state-carriage, with the equally famous cream-colored horses, and the outriders in superb scarlet costumes and all the rest of it—and all that great assemblage waving and cheering as they go by! It is a scene out of a fairy tale.

But this year, alas, the big thrill was lacking. As one depressed chronicler remarked, it was like being invited out to dinner only to discover that your host and hostess had been called away on urgent business, leaving a kind message that you were to make yourself at home and order anything you wanted. Other members of the Royal Family were there, of course, but it isn't at all the same thing—as they may have felt like everyone else. Oh, well, our loss was Canada's gain. There is plenty of consolation in that thought.

For Listeners

Over in Liverpool they take their music seriously. Their new Philharmonic Hall is being formally opened today, and tomorrow Sir Thomas Beecham is to conduct the first concert in it. The new hall has been built on the site of the old one, which was destroyed by fire about six years ago. It has cost some £10,000—not such a tremendous sum, you may think, but



HERE IS THE ULTIMATE IN MECHANIZATION. Instead of strutting bandsmen in full dress the modern army even has its music "tinned". This is an artillery "band"—a truck with a gramophone and loud speakers—leading a column during recent manoeuvres in England.

quite a lot of money to devote just to the hearing of music.

There are in all England very few buildings which have been erected solely for music, and this is the only one that is actually owned by a concert-giving society. Probably it is the only concert society that has anything like money enough. However that may be, they have gone all out and have spared no expense to make this new Philharmonic Hall the last word in modern, scientific design for purposes of audition.

Naturally, it is impossible to say definitely what the acoustics of any hall are, until it has been played in with an audience. Acoustics are mysterious and elusive things, about which you never really can tell without the test of actual experience. But the designers and builders in this case seem to have taken every possible precaution to ensure the smooth and

unbroken flow of the sound, without echo or interruption. It is this that makes the new building such an interesting one.

In a general way, the hall is shaped like an immense megaphone, we are told, with the orchestra at the small end. Behind the orchestra there is a resonator panel of elmwood—apparently the best for the purpose—which is supposed to fling the music out to the audience. So that nothing may impede its progress, the walls and the roof form one continuous curve, broken only by the lighting slots, which act also as sound-traps for the prevention of echo.

On the rear wall of the auditorium there is a huge, sound-absorbing curtain—to keep the music from bouncing off and hitting you in the back of the neck. The Liverpool lads seem to have thought of everything. If even the teeniest, weeniest echo manages to creep in, it will cause as horrid a sensation as a mouse at a tea-party. That's the worst of having things so nearly perfect. Now at some concert-halls I can think of—but perhaps I had better not.

Selling a Town

The Duke of Norfolk has been selling a town. Yes, a whole town—just like that! A very charming town, too. Littlehampton on the Sussex coast. Houses and shops and leaseholds generally, including 1,100 acres of land, of which more than 800 are suitable for building. And built on they will be, without hope of reprieve or preservation.

Gentlemen who buy such estates as this don't do it just for the fun of becoming landed proprietors. Having landed the property, their idea is to land it on the good old public—"improved," as they playfully put it, and

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SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY

Established A.D. 1887

BERNARD K. SANDWELL, Editor

MICHAEL C. McHARDY, Advertising Manager

Subscriptions to points in Canada and Newfoundland \$3.00 per annum. Great Britain, British Dominions, Colonies and Protectorates, United States and United States Possessions \$5.00 per annum. All other countries \$6.00 per annum. Single Copies 10 cents.

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Vol. 54, No. 36 Whole No. 2416



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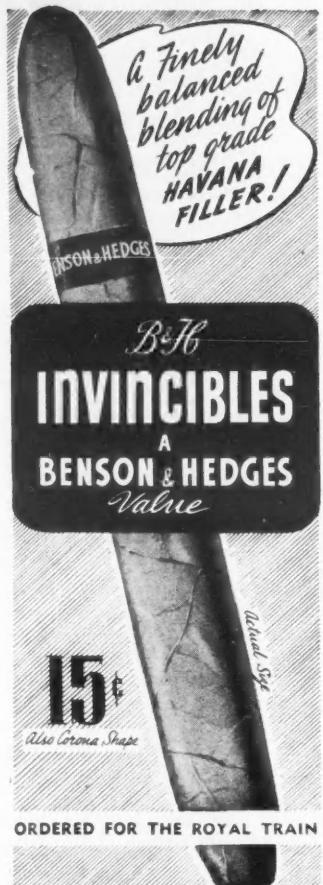
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NATIONAL STEEL CAR

Editor, Gold & Dross:
I would like to know how things are with National Steel Car. Has the company been earning enough to cover its dividends, and do you think the present rate can be met for say, several years? I have some of this stock and have been thinking of selling. I would like to have your opinion of this too.

—T. F. H., Toronto, Ont.

I think that if I were you I would hang onto my National Steel Car for I think that it has appeal as a speculative hold over the long term.

As you know, National Steel Car's primary activity is the railroad business and this has been very poor in the current fiscal year. While other lines have shown improvement, the writing-off of heavy development costs—particularly in the aircraft division—will probably reduce earnings this year well below the record levels of 1937 when \$9.27 per share was earned on the common. However, I do think that earnings will cover the 50 cents quarterly dividend comfortably, and indications are that this rate will be maintained.

The company has considerably improved its position in non-railway lines and is well prepared to take care of any airplane and shell business that may eventually come its way. Then, too, heavy plant expenditures should make for wider profit margins in the older, established divisions.

PRIVATEER

Editor, Gold & Dross:
Please let me know what the rate of production is at Privateer Mines, also earnings. How is development proceeding?

—T. H. W., Calgary, Alta.

Production at Privateer Mines is being maintained at approximately \$110,000 a month, of which about \$75,000 is operating profit, before providing for depreciation and depletion. Earnings accordingly are running about double the dividend rate. A second interim dividend of five cents a share was paid on May 10.

Plans call for deepening the shaft to open two new development levels and to test the main vein at depth. A lowering of average grade was apparent between the 10th and 11th horizons, although short high grade sections were encountered. On the bottom level the vein is said to be strong structurally, with a length of 800 feet averaging 14 inches wide, and grading better than \$16 per ton. Privateer is also interested in adjoining properties.

N.B. TELEPHONE

Editor, Gold & Dross:
Would you please advise me as to your opinion of New Brunswick Telephone and if you consider it a safe investment? I am under the impression that the company is a subsidiary of Bell Telephone. Is this so?

—M. B. E., Halifax, N.S.

I think that New Brunswick Telephone common stock can be classed as a business man's investment and might be held for income. The stock has no more than average appreciation possibilities.

New Brunswick Telephone Company Limited is controlled by the Bell Telephone Company of Canada which owns 55 per cent of the capital stock. The company supplies telephone service in every town in New Brunswick and long distance service to New York, Boston and Montreal. The franchise of the company entitles it to earn 8 per cent on its investments. The net income in the year ended December 31st, 1938, was \$292,418, down slightly from the \$240,597 shown in 1937. Per share earnings in 1938 were 51c, against 59c in 1937. The financial position at the close of the last fiscal year was fair.

CENTRAL PATRICIA

Editor, Gold & Dross:
I want to add a little to my income and am considering Central Patricia shares for this purpose. Would like to have your advice on this and information as to dividends and the prospect for earnings.

—S. H. P., Trail, B.C.

If your desire is to "add a little to your income," Central Patricia Gold Mines, which is currently quoted around \$2.50 a share, should be a satisfactory stock for you. In 1938 it paid 18 cents a share in dividends and so far this year it has paid or declared a total of 16 cents. Earnings this year should be greater than last year and there is every likelihood that the opening of four new levels from 1,450 to 2,050 feet depth will result in an increased mill tonnage, which at the present time is just over 300 tons daily.

QUEBEC MANITOUE

Editor, Gold & Dross:
I would appreciate any information you can give me in regard to Quebec Manitou Mines. Has it available ore in commercial quantities and is there any possibility of obtaining sufficient finances to develop?

—D. A. P., Galt, Ont.

Quebec Manitou Mines is estimated to have indicated in underground development and diamond drilling, approximately 252,000 tons of ore with an average value of .085 oz. gold per

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

UNION GAS

Editor, Gold & Dross:
Do you consider Union Gas a sound investment stock in which one could invest a major part of his savings? What are the chances of appreciation? Your advice has always been helpful.

—G. D. N., Kitchener, Ont.

I think that Union Gas Common, selling currently at 13 1/4 to yield 7.2 per cent, can be classed as a business man's investment with limited appreciation possibilities. The general set-up is more attractive than it has been for some time, chiefly because over the past two or three years the company has been undergoing what might be called a species of corporate house-cleaning.

A net profit of \$1.29 per share was reported by the company in the year ended March 31st, 1939, as compared with \$1.31 in the previous year, and 99c per share in 1937. Decline in net revenue in the last fiscal year is attributable in large part to the milder weather which prevailed until the latter part of December. However, while as I have said, the stock might be regarded as a business man's investment, I do not think I would be inclined to invest the major part of my savings in it if I were you, simply because I do not think that it is a sound investment policy to "have all your eggs in one basket."

RENO

Editor, Gold & Dross:
I hold some Reno Gold Mines stock and would like to know what is happening there. It was recently reported the mill had closed down due to lack of ore, but now I hear it is going to reopen.

—H. W. G., Regina, Sask.

Yes, it is true the mill at Reno Gold Mines, in the Sheep Creek district of British Columbia was closed at the end of March and is to be reopened. The shut down resulted when the ore in the Reno vein was exhausted, but since that time favorable results have

(Continued on Next Page)

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

The market's PRIMARY or long-term trend, under Dow's theory, is upward. The SECONDARY trend was last signalled as downward with current test now under way as to whether reversal can be effected.

THE PRICE MOVEMENT—As anticipated in recent Forecasts, the market, following advance from early April to early June, is now in process of testing the April 8 lows. The possibilities of the testing movement were fully outlined in our Forecast of June 24, and that discussion is quoted herewith as pertinent to what is now being witnessed:

"In such a test, from the Dow Theory approach, there are three possibilities to be considered. As a first possibility, the market, in terms of the Dow-Jones industrial average, could meet support, and then turn about, in the 133/128 area, said limits representing the normal 3% to 5% cancellation of the April 8 to June 10 advance. Second, the market could return to the April 8 low points for a double bottom, prior to reversal. Third, the two averages could move below their April 8 lows, thereby reconfirming the downward trend.

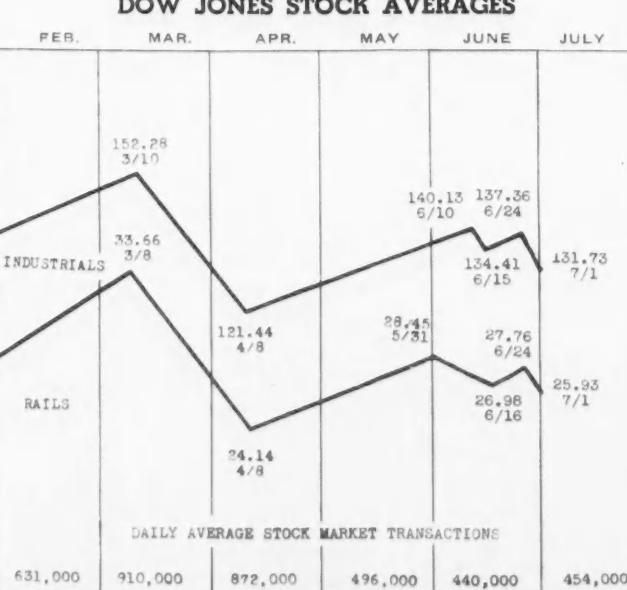
"Of the three possibilities discussed above, the first or second, at this time, would seem more probable than the third. This opinion is based upon current evidence that the business decline reached an approximate bottom level in April from which the next important move will be forward. If such proves the case, then the April decline in stock prices should have fully discounted the business setback and new market lows this summer would not be called for—barring another serious war crisis in Europe.

"As between the first and second possibilities, that is, (1) support for the industrial average at the 133/128 level or (2) attainment of a double bottom at around 121, news developments during the course of the setback will necessarily influence the result. The best method of judging the outcome is to await further unfolding of decline. A 49-day rally is seldom corrected in the course of a single week and if the rally from April 8 is now actually in process of correction, there should be further opportunity between now and early July to judge the intensity of the recession."

Early July is now here, and the Dow-Jones industrial average has attained the 133/128 area. Taking into consideration the duration of the downward movement, we would feel, were it not for the immediate threat of another war crisis in Europe, that the market had approximated a point from which, after some price churning, renewed recovery and substantial advance were in order. Relaxation of European tension could thus coincide with a market turn-about. Intensification of the war threat, to the contrary, would necessarily force further liquidation of shares and lower prices.

Eliminating the European influence, the outlook, over the last half, favors material improvement in domestic business and earnings, and hence in share prices. Short of war, therefore, current market weakness, or any extension of it that might occur because of the immediate European uncertainty, should be regarded, in our opinion, as contributing to a strong technical base on which substantial advance can be erected. War, of course, would alter the business and market outlook, though not necessarily for the worse, once readjustment to the initial adverse shock of war were effected.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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Dividend Notices

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 210

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of two per cent in Canadian funds on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st July 1939 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Tuesday, 1st August next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th June 1939. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

A. E. ARSCOTT,
General Manager
Toronto, 23rd June 1939.

PENMANS LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that the following Dividends have been declared for the quarter ending the 31st day of July 1939.

On the Preferred Stock, one and one-half per cent. (1½%), payable on the 1st day of August, by Shareholders of record of the 21st day of July, 1939.

On the Common Stock, seventy-five cents (75¢) per share, payable on the 15th day of the 8th day of August, 1939.

By Order of the Board.

C. B. ROBINSON,
Secretary-Treasurer.

WE DISCUSS THIS WEEK

International Petroleum

CONTROLLED by Imperial Oil (a subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey) which owns all the preferred and a majority of the common, International Petroleum is engaged in producing, refining, marketing and exporting crude oil and allied products in South America. Production and refining activities are concentrated in Peru and Colombia. Markets for crude oil and refined products are wide, with the main outlets in Central and South America, Canada and Europe. Actual properties held by the company consist of about 650 square miles in Peru, only a small portion of which has been drilled; over 1,319,344 acres in Colombia, which is held through subsidiaries; and some minor acreage in Ecuador. Data on crude oil reserves are not available, but production possibilities are believed to be substantial, with output in Peru particularly high grade. Under a long-term contract, entered into at the end of 1937, the company also buys, for resale in Europe, about one-fourth of the production of Mene Grande Oil, Venezuelan subsidiary of Gulf Oil.

Don't Fear Seizure

To investors who fear seizure of foreign properties in South America, the statement recently made by Sir Andrew Agnew, chairman of the Venezuelan Oil Commissioners, should be of particular interest. Sir Andrew declared that his company was "working in the closest collaboration with the Venezuelan government with the object of assisting that country to play its full part in the progressive expansion of the oil industry." The chairman referred to the government as "sound and stable," which he believed was good reason "to look forward with confidence to the future." The view taken with regard to International Petroleum's operations in Peru and Colombia are equally favorable, with company officials declaring that they have absolutely no indication of any action or plans of the Peruvian government which might have an unfavorable effect on operations. Earnest of the company's own confidence in the Venezuelan outlook is the fact that it has undertaken, along with Shell Oil and Gulf Oil, to build a 100-mile 16-inch pipe line from the wells in eastern Venezuela to the northern coast. The outlet will be at Guanta, 200 miles west of the Orinoco River. Capacity will be 150,000 barrels daily, and it is expected that eventually this will be doubled.

The Lima Conference has done much to facilitate trade between North and South American countries by loosening up foreign exchange and promoting political and economic understanding be-

GOLD & DROSS

(Continued from Page 8)
been obtained in depth development of the Motherlode vein.

Sufficient ore is officially stated to have been opened in this vein at the new 4,900-foot level to warrant such a decision and the ore is now being prepared for mining. Milling operations will be resumed, probably in October. Before production commences an aerial tram line will be built 2,500 feet from the portal of the 4,900 tunnel to the 140-ton mill, which is being overhauled. Changes are also being made in the crushing plant to improve its efficiency.

The central orebody, the first outlined on the new level in recent work, is about 100 feet in length and averages around \$14 per ton across five feet, while the west, or second orebody is opened for about the same length, but averages better than \$35 a ton across 4.14 feet. The crosscut on this level is being extended some 1,500 feet further to intersect the downward extension of the Nugget vein from which good results are expected.

The company's first outside venture, Central Zeballos, where the company has agreed to expend \$30,000 in development is reported to be giving satisfactory results.

FOUNDATION COMPANY

Editor, *Gold & Dross*: Since I am a regular subscriber to your paper and find a great deal of useful information in your *Gold & Dross* paragraphs, I was wondering if you would give me some information on Foundation Company of Canada, Limited. I am a professional man, very busy, and find it difficult to keep abreast of developments in the companies in which I hold stock.

—M. D. S., Montreal, Que.

As you probably know, the annual report of Foundation Company of Canada, Limited, for the year ended April 30, 1939, showed a steep decline in operating profits to \$62,705 from \$320,253 in the previous year. Net loss for the latest fiscal period was \$90,274, as compared with net income of \$104,293 before profits on sale



JOHN F. TAYLOR, appointed vice-president of the E. B. Eddy Co., Ltd., following his retirement as secretary and sales manager after 59 years in active service with the company. Mr. Taylor remains a director, and as a vice-president his advice will be available to the company at all times.

of assets in 1938. Net working capital was reduced to \$447,657 from \$679,067. The reduction in working capital reflects in part the cut from \$57,000 to \$10,000 in the item of mortgages resulting from the purchase of certain wharf properties and tugs in Halifax.

Foundation Company is an engineering, marine and construction company which builds hotels, offices, private and public buildings, industrial plants, power houses, terminals, mine shafts, hydro-electric developments, tunnels, bridges, etc., and carries on marine and salvage operations. The company is suffering chiefly from the lethargy which has seized the building industry. Conditions in the latter are far from satisfactory with an exceedingly low volume of business being offered and a very narrow margin of profit being afforded the building contractor. Brightest hope at the present time is the recent decision of the Dominion government to allow as a deduction from income tax 10 per cent. of the cost of new construction. This, it is felt should have a stimulating effect on the building industry.

SELBY LAKE

Editor, *Gold & Dross*: Will you give me any information you can on Selby Lake Mines.

—W. S. C., Renfrew, Ont.

Selby Lake Mines is financing and directing operations at the Big Master Consolidated property. Satisfied with their examination of the property it is now planned to deepen the shaft to 650 feet and establish two new levels. It is proposed to drift on the new levels to test the vein which provided millfeild when the property was previously in production. About 19,000 tons, grading over \$10 per ton, it is estimated remain in the old workings. A new company is to be formed capitalized at 3,000,000 shares, with Big Master shareholders receiving one new share for each three now held. Selby Lake will be given options on 2,000,000 shares in blocks of 500,000 shares at 20, 25, 30 and 40 cents per share.

PIRATE GOLD

Editor, *Gold & Dross*: Will you please give me some information on Pirate Gold Mines?

—W. H. M., Port Stanley, Ont.

Negotiations are reported to be proceeding at present between Pirate Gold Mines and Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines, which if completed will result in the latter company carrying out an extensive program of diamond drilling. Hollinger has had a crew for several weeks making a preliminary examination of the prop-

erty which Pirate has under option in the West Shining Tree area.

Part of the property optioned by Pirate was from Shining Tree Gold Mines and part from Kingston-Ontario Mines, with the option in each case extending to next September. The whole property comprises 800 acres of which the company owns half. Former operators put down two shafts to 95 and 100 feet and some drifting was done on this level on a shoot carrying high values over a narrow width.

NEGUS

Editor, *Gold & Dross*: Do you think that Negus Mines is going to be a good money-maker? I have been told so. How big is the mill and what are the operating costs, please? I might say that I have found your department most valuable.

—G. C. J., Three Rivers, Que.

While insufficient development work has been completed at Negus Mines to definitely determine its potentialities it is believed possible the mine may be larger than was at first considered. Production from a 50-ton mill is running about \$50,000 monthly, millheads are close to \$35 per ton and recovery over 95 per cent. The mining plant is capable of handling 100 tons daily and the management is hopeful that additional development will mean an increase in mill capacity.

The shaft is being deepened to 300 feet which will provide two new levels. The mine has not been in production long enough to provide accurate cost figures but operating costs are presently estimated at around \$15 per ton.

CAN. OIL CO'S

Editor, *Gold & Dross*: Can you tell me anything about Canadian Oil Companies' 8 per cent. preferred stock? Any information regarding the strength of the company and its dividend possibilities would be much appreciated.

—D. G., Toronto, Ont.

Canadian Oil Companies, Limited, is a refining and distributing company with refineries and works at Petrolia, Ontario. The company owns 133 oil distributing stations and has 150 service stations—the majority of which are leased—throughout Canada. It markets the brands of National Refining Company. The 8 per cent. preferred stock is selling currently at 115 to yield 6.9 per cent., and is, in my opinion, a sound and attractive investment. I do not think there is any doubt as to the company's ability to earn the preferred dividend by a satisfactory margin—it has done so with plenty to spare in recent years—and the security thus has assured income and ready marketability.

It is true that competition is very keen in the gasoline and oil distributing field, but Canadian Oil Companies follows sound trade practices and has firmly established itself in the districts it serves. Management is efficient and it has important trade and financial affiliations. The majority of Canadian Oil Companies' outlets are located in regions of dense population and consequent high consumption, and the company should be able to maintain its full proportion of sales. Net income in the year ended December 31st, 1938, was \$342,317, equal to \$17.12 per preferred share, as compared with a net of \$267,985 in 1937, and preferred earnings of \$13.40 per share.

Silver Deal Reflects Mental Confusion

(Continued from Page 7)

(the leading American silver mine) went up on Tuesday the 27th from 9 cents to 11½ cents, the price of the

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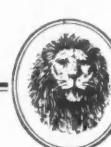
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metal in London and Montreal tumbled and Mexico nearly died of fright.

Thus we see the United States again dealing with an international situation from a purely national viewpoint and placing further obstacles in the way of a resumption of orderly world trade.

This latter statement might appear to be an exaggeration. Conservative economists have never had much use for silver, and anything that is done to discredit the white metal is regarded by such economists as a step in the direction of a return to an international gold standard. As for the sop thrown to the Western silver miners, well, this, as Mr. Glass has pointed out, costs only some seven millions, and what is seven millions to the United States? Simply a little extra relief to our Western friends, as Senator Adams, of Colorado, inferred when he compared the benefits which the mountain states would receive from the new silver price to the benefits which Eastern cities have received from governmental subsidies for pub-

lic works, especially for slum-clearance projects.

And it is true that, from a purely American viewpoint, the actions of the Senate on June 26 are not epochal. But they are epochal to Canadian silver miners, and they promise to be world-shattering to Mexico. And to students of the theory of democratic government they are epochal because they show that in the United States the Lincoln concept of "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" has, in practice, become "government of the people, by the people but for my constituents."

Meantime, a point not settled on June 26 may be settled before this piece appears in print—the future of the two-billion-dollar stabilization fund which the Treasury has been operating for the control of foreign exchange. Left out of the June 26 discussion, it seems likely that the authority for this fund will continue. The stabilization fund is a bit over the heads of "my constituents" and if the monetary experts consider that it should be continued, there would appear to be no political reasons why it should not be so continued.

Capital Has Right to a Minimum Wage

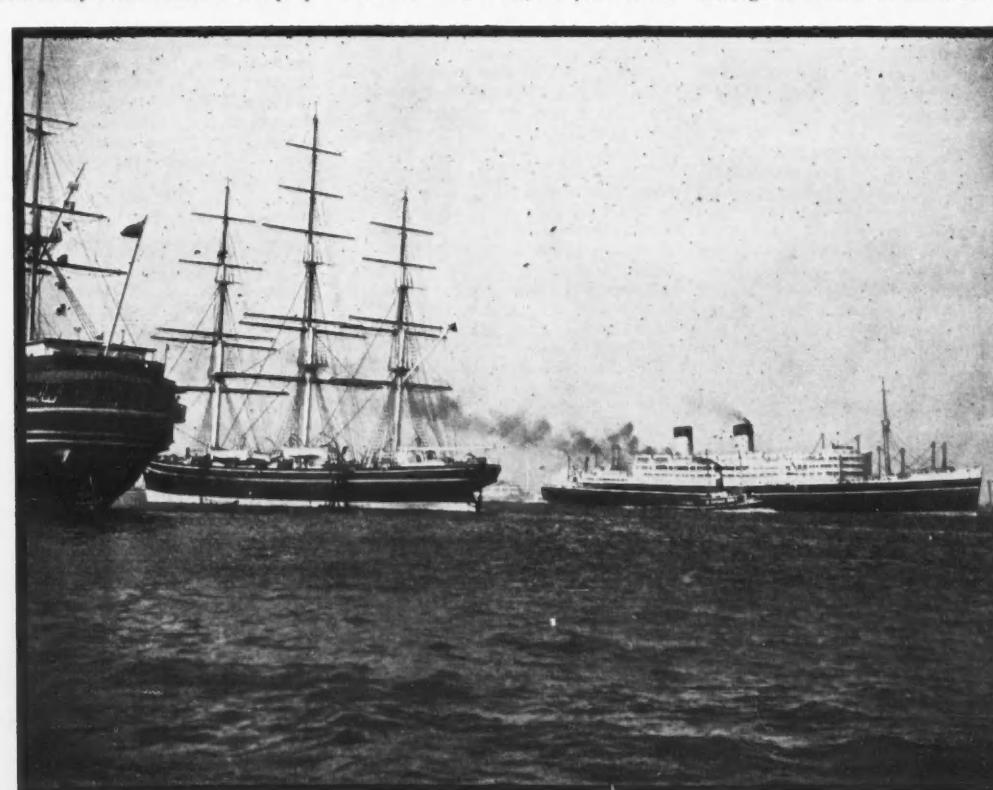
(Continued from Page 7)

an immediate threat, is at the same time its strength over the long pull. It is the power of the Jew who, over many centuries, has been the most oppressed of all men, but who nevertheless has survived as the greatest capitalist, through his very qualities of humility and resourcefulness.

Capital is a thing which is essential to a nation. It cannot be built up from worthless money, but must take the form of productive buildings and machines, accumulated by those who are willing to work more than they consume.

The state may at times manage to seize portions of it in a socialistic program, but it cannot provide the replacements which are constantly needed to maintain the capital. When it feels the pinch of poverty, it must then seek, from those whom it had despised, the wherewithal for the replenishment of its resources. And for a time thereafter it must give real pledges, and pay dear.

We should therefore think again before we fish the pool of capital to its exhaustion. Perhaps after all it would be good economy to ensure a continuous supply, by paying a reasonable minimum wage for capital. Apart from any question of justice, the state may be well advised to foster its capital in addition to its labor, and return to the role of arbiter rather than the one of partisan.



THE STATELY SHIPS OF TWO AGES meet in the Thames estuary. Like a fine marine painting is this London Times photograph of the new motor liner "Dominion Monarch", now in the South Africa-Australia-New Zealand service, passing the famous old clipper "Cutty Sark" and the training ship "Worcester".



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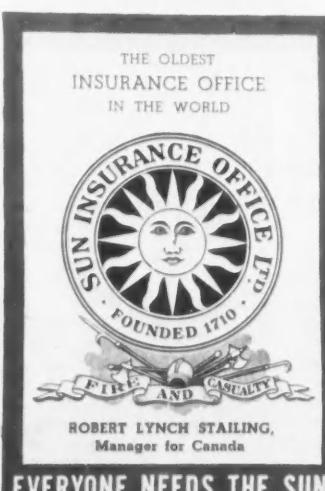
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Concerning Insurance

Need of Home Burglary Cover

BY GEORGE GILBERT

In olden times it was the custom of acquisitive members of society to carry their valuable property upon their person. Later they used to secrete it, and then they kept it in strong boxes in the home or place of business. Through this process of evolution there grew up the present-day system of burglary protection.

Notwithstanding all the protective equipment with which a man's property may be surrounded, there is no certainty that it will be sufficient to thwart the aggressive methods of that portion of society which makes its living by preying upon the accumulations of others. What line of defence has the property owner left? The answer is: Burglary Insurance.

THERE is no closed season for burglars, and the yearly losses suffered by the people of this country because of the activities of house-breakers, sneak thieves, safe-crackers, hold-up men, etc., amount to a very large sum. Residences are especially subject to attack by burglars, not only because of the valuables contained in many of them, but also because of the comparative ease with which they may be entered.

In consequence there is a growing recognition by householders of the need of burglary protection, and the modern form of "Residence Burglary, Theft and Larceny Policy" now on the market is well-designed for the purpose. It is a considerable improvement on the old form of residence policy which was limited to cover loss caused by burglary only, and which required that evidence of forcible entrance must exist in order to recover under the contract.

This restricted form of policy did not cover losses caused by persons entering the premises by the use of keys or through open windows or doors, or other ways in which an entrance may be made without leaving any marks. Nor did it cover losses caused by dishonest servants, tradespeople, or workmen temporarily employed about the premises. It is estimated that over fifty per cent of the claims made under residence burglary policies arise out of the acts of dishonest servants.

Under the modern form of residence policy, the insurance company agrees to indemnify the insured for all loss by burglary, robbery, theft or larceny of any of the property selected for insurance under the policy contained within the premises—that part of the building occupied by the insured—when the stealing is done by any person not covered by the policy, or by a guest or by an employee of the insured.

Property Damage

This coverage also applies to insured property within a safe deposit box in a vault in a bank, trust or safe deposit company in Canada or the United States. Further, the policy covers the insured against all damage (except by fire) to the insured property and the premises caused by such burglary, robbery, larceny, theft or attempt thereto. The damage cover is an important one, for often the damage done to the premises and to the contents exceeds the value of the property stolen.

It is likewise provided that the insured property may be owned by the insured, by a relative of the insured permanently residing with him, or by any other permanent member of his household who does not pay board or rent, or by a domestic servant or other employee of the insured. But the company's liability for loss of property owned by a domestic servant or employee is limited to \$50.

If the premises are located in a building occupied by not more than two families, it is provided that \$100 of the insurance applies to insured property (excluding money and securities) while contained within entrances and porches not completely within the building but which are a part thereof.

If the premises are located within a building occupied by more than two families, \$100 of the insurance applies to insured property (excluding money and securities) while contained within basements, laundries, and rooms in or attached to the building, and provided for the common use of the insured and other tenants therein, or while contained within porches and store rooms similarly located, but which are provided for the sole use of the insured exclusively.

Garages, Stables, Etc.

Further, \$100 of the insurance applies to insured property while contained in a private garage, stable or outbuilding occupied by the insured and located in or adjacent to the building containing the premises, but in no event is the insurance company liable for loss of or damage to money, securities, motorcycles, automobiles, or their equipment or appurtenances, contained within any such garage, stable or outbuilding.

It is provided that the premises are deemed to be "occupied" within the meaning of the policy while the insured or any member of his household is actually in the premises or so long as any one of his domestic servants or caretakers is in charge of the premises and remains therein every night. Under all other circumstances the premises are to be deemed "vacant" for the purpose of the insurance.

However, the insured is permitted to leave the premises vacant for not more than four months in all in any policy year. Such four months' vacancy, or any specific extension thereof by endorsement attached to the policy, is called "permissible vacancy." During permissible vacancy the policy covers in full as written, provided notice of loss or damage is given immediately upon discovery thereof and not later than fifteen days after termination of such permissible vacancy.

Occupied by Tenant

It is provided that while the premises are occupied by a tenant of the insured as a residence and not for use as a boarding or lodging house or for any business or professional purpose, the policy covers the insured property, excluding money, securities, jewellery, watches, precious and semi-precious stones, and articles made in whole or in part of gold or platinum. But in no event does the policy cover loss of, or damage to property of any such tenant or any member of his household, nor loss or damage caused by any such person. Knowledge possessed by the tenant or member of his household respecting any loss or damage occurring in the premises is to be considered knowledge of the insured, and the company is not liable for loss or damage under such circumstances unless immediate notice thereof is given.

Further, the company is not liable for loss of, or damage to articles carried or held as samples or for sale or for delivery after sale, nor for loss or damage if the premises are used in whole or in part as a boarding or lodging house or for any business or professional purposes unless it is so stated in the Declarations.

In the event of loss or damage for which a claim is made, the insured shall, at the request and expense of the insurance company, take legal action to secure the arrest and prosecution of the offenders and the recovery of the property. The company is to be permitted at any reasonable time to inspect the premises and may require the insured to make the premises reasonably secure.

There are different ways of insuring the contents of a home under the residence burglary policy. One way is to cover all of the contents on the blanket basis, where the whole amount of the insurance applies to all the property. Another method is to divide the amount of the insurance, so that a certain amount applies to jewellery, furs and silverware, and another certain amount to the remainder of the household property. Special forms are also available to meet the individual requirements of the insuring public for protection.

Insurance Institute of Toronto

AT THE Annual Meeting of the Insurance Institute of Toronto, held in the Institute Rooms at 86 Adelaide St. East, on June 23rd, the fortieth annual report of the Council on the results accomplished during the 1938-1939 Session was presented to one of the largest and most enthusiastic meetings of its members.

The report of the Educational Committee disclosed that the attendance at lectures and study groups was the largest in the history of the Institute. There was a total of 429 examination papers written in the three courses on Fire Insurance given during the year while 457 papers were written by students in the Casualty Insurance courses. In addition to the insurance courses a series of lectures on English Composition was delivered during the year by Professor Norman McLeod of the University of Toronto Schools with between 150 and 200 members in attendance.

The Membership Committee reported a substantial growth in membership during the year, the total being 635 at the close of the Session as compared with 541 at the end of the preceding year.

Officers and Members of Council of the Institute for the 1939-1940 Session were elected as follows:

Honorary President: F. S. McDermott, Liverpool & London & Globe Insurance Co.

President: Colin E. Sword, Union Fire Society of Canton.

Vice-Presidents: J. B. Alexander, Canadian Surety Co.; John Fanning, Employers' Liability Assurance Corp.; J. S. P. Armstrong, Dominion of Canada General Insurance Co.

Secretary-Treasurer: Wm. H. Burgess, 86 Adelaide St. East.

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A. M. SHOOK, D.S.O., A.F.C., Croix-de-Guerre, who has been appointed a general agent for the Monarch Life Assurance Company for the City of Toronto, this being the second Branch of the company in Toronto. He has been successfully engaged in life and miscellaneous lines of insurance in Toronto since 1926.

J. H. Riddel, Eagle Star Insurance Co.

Council: H. S. Angas, Edwards & Angas, Ltd.; H. C. Baillie, Eagle Star Insurance Co.; R. J. Bastedo, London Guarantee & Accident Co.; T. E. D. Boys, Canadian Underwriters' Association; W. H. Buscombe, Shaw & Begg, Ltd.; Wm. C. Butler, Pearl Assurance Co.; D. M. Dewar, Sun Insurance Office Limited; L. R. Freeman, Zurich General Accident & Liability Insurance Co.; H. A. Joselin, New York Underwriters Insurance Co.; Samuel McAdam, McAdam & Wagstaff; N. J. Ross, Union Insurance Society of Canton; H. L. Wiglesworth, Liverpool & London & Globe Insurance Co.

• • •

Life Policy Sunk With U.S. Gunboat Panay

WHEN Japanese bombing planes sank the U.S. Gunboat Panay in the Yangtze River above Shanghai, the "sea chest" of Lieut. A. F. Anders, containing his Penn Mutual Life family income policy went down with the vessel which is now resting on the river bottom. When a Japanese bullet put the Commander out of action, Lieut. Anders took charge and directed the effort to repel the attack against overwhelming odds, continuing to issue his orders by writing in chalk on the ship's bulkhead after a shot in the neck had rendered him speechless. With the other survivors he escaped from the sinking vessel, and proceeded overland under great hardships, finally reaching the U.S. Cruiser Augusta at Shanghai. Shortly thereafter a severe coughing spell dislodged the bullet which had temporarily destroyed his power of speech. With a Distinguished Service medal and other honors, he has been convalescing for a year in the U.S. Naval Hospital at San Diego, California. The Penn Mutual agent who wrote the policy, reports having received a letter from Lieut. Anders, saying that he is as "good as new" again, and asking for a duplicate of the lost policy. Of course, the loss of the policy did not affect the validity of Lieut. Anders' insurance, which remained in force to protect his family although the policy itself was at the bottom of Yangtze River in China.

• • •

Inquiries

Editor, Concerning Insurance:

Having on several previous occasions benefited from information received from your department, I am again taking the liberty of availing myself of the opportunities afforded.

Could you kindly inform me of the present standing of "The Occidental Life Assurance Co. of America," Head Office: Los Angeles? Are they a safe company with which to insure for the sum of \$10,000?

— M. R. E., Vancouver, B.C.

Occidental Life Insurance Company of California, with head office at Los Angeles and Canadian head office at London, Ont., was incorporated in 1906, and has been doing business in Canada under Dominion registry since 1928. It is regularly licensed in this country, and has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa of \$1,038,077 for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively.

It maintains assets in Canada in excess of its Canadian liabilities, occupies a strong financial position, and is safe to insure with. All claims are readily collectable.

At the end of 1938 its total admitted assets were \$59,540,930, and it had a surplus as regards policyholders of \$4,136,304.



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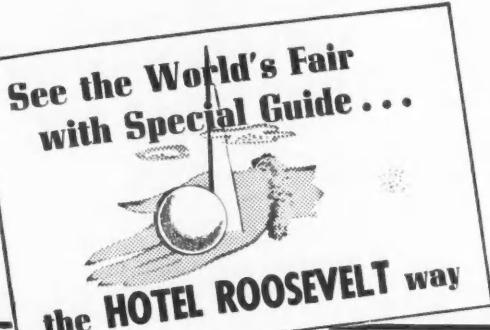
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Western Oil and Oil Men

BY T. E. KEYES

THE Royal Commission is continuing to hear evidence on marketing. The Royalite and Imperial Oil, for the time being, appear to have completed their part in this long drawn out investigation.

In the early months of the investigation Imperial, judging from comments around various parts of Alberta appear to have made a bad impression with the public at least, if not with the commissioners.

However, their recent witnesses and especially Mr. A. H. Halverson by his frank and fair evidence, together with his intimate knowledge of the industry, has done much in explaining a multitude of things to both the Commission and the public.

The commissioners and commission counsel, Mr. J. J. Frawley, have commented very favorably on Mr. Halverson's evidence. A few years ago young Halverson was a junior salesmen in Northern Alberta; now he is a director of Imperial and in charge of the sales organization.

As this is written, Texaco officials are on the stand, and not knowing what evidence others were going to give, they have filed a lot of charts and other repetitious information. They have also been fairly free with advice, especially for the Province to stay out of the oil business. Their brief has been well prepared and presented, and must have taken a great deal of time on the part of officials.

When Texaco is finished F. A. Gaby, Vice President of British-American Oil Co. Ltd., and several of his staff from head office are here and all ready to carry on.

There have been quite a number of highly trained men in the various phases of the oil industry appearing before this commission, and at times when the commissioners request information or explanations from a witness, I am reminded of Sir Josiah Stamp, when he was chairman of a Grain Commission back about 1932; on one occasion he stopped a witness and said, "You know, I don't know anything about this wheat business, and I want to find out exactly what you mean. You know this Commission is costing the people quite a bit of money, and I wouldn't like to go back to England and have the people say I didn't learn anything about the grain business, for it's just doubtful if this commission will do anybody else much good." However, our commissioners can take credit for recommending a reduction in pipeline charges from 15 cents to 9½ cents a barrel on crude moving from Turner Valley to Calgary.

Personally, I have learned a lot of things about the oil business as a result of the commission, and I think

the same applies to a lot of people around Calgary. I have talked to several expert witnesses, and some have operated and are familiar with conditions in Mexico and South American countries. One man had taken part, or possibly I should say helped defend himself and his company's property during revolutions, etc.

From time to time I have pointed out in this column what an oil industry means to any country and how it affects other industries. Here are figures which show its effect on the railways: Last year the freight bills paid to the railways on Turner Valley crude amounted to approximately \$1,750,000. This amount only represents the freight paid on crude moving to Moose Jaw, Regina and Brandon. As compared with freight bills on wheat and some other major industries, it is as yet only a drop in the bucket. However, if the market for Alberta crude could be greatly extended, crude freight bills would soon be a very large drop in railway revenue. This information was compiled by the Alberta Petroleum Association, who are likely to appear before the Board of Railway Commissioners later this month at their Calgary hearing, asking for lower freight rates on Alberta crude.

While the oil industry has never asked the Dominion government for any subventions on oil, it is interesting to note that last year, this government, according to the Hon. Mr. Crerar, Minister of Mines, paid approximately \$1,900,000 in subventions to the coal industry. Of this amount, \$1,256,096 went to Nova Scotia and \$241,799 to Alberta and the balance, \$359,934, to the other provinces. I am not of course advocating that anything more should be piled on the back of the government. I would like to see the oil industry stand on its own feet; which it has more than done to date.

The financial statements of various oil companies show substantial income tax payments to the Dominion government. However, I may add that the companies don't like parting with this money to the government, and do quite a bit of grumbling about it.

As this is written, the Brown Oil Corporation Ltd. statement has just been released and while this company has provided \$47,000 odd for income tax purposes, it has not paid it yet, hoping that Finance Minister Dunning will see the light and reduce the income tax on this baby industry.

The Brown statement showed a net profit for the fiscal year ending March 31 last of \$212,472, after providing \$116,361 for depreciation, depletion, etc., but before providing for income taxes which were estimated at \$47,185.

Uchi Gold Mines in the Patricia district "officially" poured its first gold brick this week at which time a party of government officials, financiers and newspaper men accompanied John E. Hammell on a visit to the property.

Eldorado is officially reported to have produced \$215,000 during May, and in a position to maintain such a rate.

Uchi Gold Mines in the Patricia district "officially" poured its first gold



during the corresponding month of 1938. The current performance at this big nickel producer is interesting to compare with that of ten years ago, revealing the fact that in the so-called boom year of 1929 the sale of nickel was little more than \$2,000,000 per month.

Kenricia Gold Mines, situated just 12 miles from the city of Kenora, went into production this week, thereby adding still another producing gold mine to Canada's growing list. The plant is designed to mill 100 tons of ore daily. The ore is estimated to contain from \$14 to \$15 per ton. Work has been carried to 500 ft. in depth with development so far confined to the first two levels where resources in this initial stage are estimated at 50,000 tons containing \$14.15 per ton.

Nenobob Gold Mine shareholders approved a plan to increase capitalization from 3,500,000 to 5,000,000 shares. Also the plan to borrow \$50,000 was approved at a rate of 6 per cent. interest, and with this loan secured by a first mortgage on the property. The loan is payable in April, 1940.

Consolidated Mining & Smelting Company declared a semi-annual dividend of 50 cents per share payable July 20. As was generally expected, no bonus payment was included, thereby reflecting the sharp decline in net profits. During 1938 the company paid an aggregate of \$2.50 per share although earnings were just \$1.90 per share for that year.

Howey Gold Mines has taken an option on Paulore Gold Mines, situated about five miles west of the Howey mine. The option is for the purpose of making an operating examination of the property preliminary to possible purchase of control.

Gold production from the mines of the province of Ontario has risen to new high peaks, and is just slightly under \$9,000,000 every 30 days. It is now apparent the output for the first half of 1939 will exceed \$51,000,000, and with promise of reaching an aggregate of around \$105,000,000 for the full year 1939.

La Luz Mines, the big gold mining project being established by Ventures Ltd., and Sudbury Basin Mines in Central America, is to secure an added \$175,000 through issue of bonds. The issue has been underwritten by the two controlling companies, but the shareholders are to be offered an opportunity to participate.

Straw Lake Beach Gold Mines produced \$110,708 in gold during the first five months of 1939, the ore yielding an average of \$13.53 per ton from a comparatively narrow vein.

Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines will show a production of around \$7,250,000 in the six months ended June 30, according to preliminary unofficial estimates prepared for SATURDAY NIGHT.

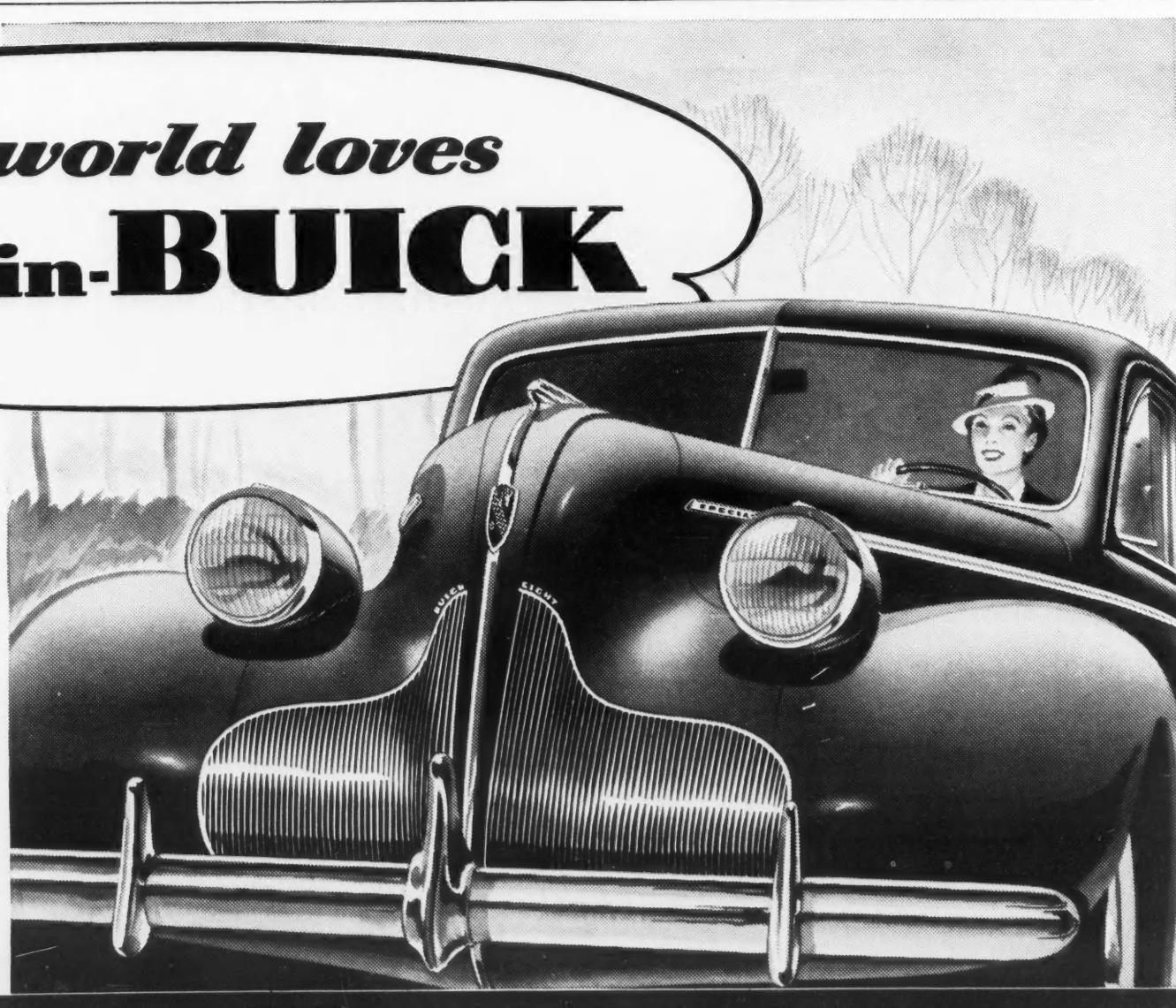
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Britain's Armament Profits Tax

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

Britain's new special tax on armament profits, designed to assuage the critics who complained that man-power was being conscripted but not wealth, is being criticized on the ground that it is so cumbersome as to be relatively more profitable to the accountancy profession than to the Treasury.

THE Armament Profits Duty, to tax British armament contractors' excess profits, has had a somewhat chilly reception. It can, however, hardly be called disappointing, for after Mr. Chamberlain's announcements in the House of Commons the worst had been expected.

The tax comes from the same stable as the notorious National Defence Contribution, which almost caused a Budget crisis in 1937. Complicated as it is, it is certainly much less objectionable than that.

The apparent motive in introducing a special tax on armament profits was to assuage the critics who complained that man-power was being conscripted but not wealth, and from an economic point of view the tax was therefore predestined to be something of a nuisance.

The principle of limiting profits on national defence is wholly admirable, especially so in a time when most classes of the community are being called upon to make sacrifices for their country's safety. The new tax is, however, so cumbersome as to be relatively much more profitable to the accountancy profession than to the Treasury, and it is unfortunately so framed that most of the businesses which are known to make the largest proportional profits out of armament contracts escape the duty.

The limit of turnover on armament

orders required to qualify for the tax is £200,000 per year. The number of firms involved, both directly and by sub-contracting, runs into many thousands. It has been pointed out, for instance, that the total expenditure of £117 million on aircraft this year represents an average of only about £33,400 per supplier.

Big Firms Affected

The same principle applies to the other defence departments, so that obviously the only firms which will have to bear the new tax are the large concerns, many of which treat armament orders alongside of ordinary commercial contracts and are not necessarily making any undue profit.

They have, however, if incorporated before 1936—the option to base

standard profits on the prosperous years 1936 and 1937, so that the excess on which 60 per cent. is chargeable, is proportionately not very big.

There seems to be a loophole in the Bill in this matter of turnover, for large companies receiving many hundreds of thousands of pounds worth of contracts in a year could split their separate departments into separate companies, each one receiving less than the stipulated £200,000.

Attention has been drawn in the House of Commons more than once to the exorbitant prices which are

being charged by small contractors on certain classes of government orders. It is mostly the small contractors—such as made such handsome profits out of sand, pit props, and other public necessities, in the crisis of last September—who fall outside the scope of the new Bill.

It is estimated that on this new tax the Treasury will get extra revenue of only about £10 million in a year. The return of this sum from the profits on armament turnover of something between £600 and £700 million is not particularly impressive. The principle of paying unduly high prices for national requirements and then getting back some of the surplus by special taxation is obviously not to be commended except where there is no other means of keeping net expenditure on defence down to the minimum.

In fact, however, replies to critics in the House have not indicated that the defence departments have been particularly careful in cutting down profit margins on each contract to the minimum, and it might be supposed that a little more co-ordination in these departments would have avoided payment of excess prices and have saved probably much more than £10 million.

It will, of course, be realized that industry already bears a tax on arms orders in the National Defence Contribution. This special tax is, however, levied on almost all industrial and commercial undertakings and is not intended as anything more than its title implies—simply a contribution towards the cost of defence. The Armament Profits Tax is levied, appropriately enough, on suppliers of armaments, air-raid shelters, etc., and on the sub-contractors involved.

Why Not Others?

Apart from the fact that the high limit of £200,000 for turnover absolves many of the companies, a good case could be made out for including the wide range of other industries which, though not in receipt of government money, benefit at one remove from the huge defence expenditure.

As money filters through from Government contracts by way of wages, salaries, payments for materials, and ultimately dividends, it finds its way into those industries which supply the basic materials for the heavy industries, and the necessities, semi-luxuries, and luxuries, on which wage-earners and shareholders spend the proceeds.

In other words, the situation created by a defence program of this magnitude is near-inflationary, and in such a situation it would be in the end more equitable to levy a general industrial tax rather than an armament tax pure and simple.

It is no use to pretend that armament contracts are an ordinary commercial proposition worked out in a free market in the economic sense. The purchaser—the government—is working on such an enormous scale that its orders have to be placed partly as a matter of policy and not entirely on the basis of close market quotations. Thus some smaller companies get a share of government orders when their tender-prices are higher than those of the large-scale concerns, so that their productive capacity may be kept in being for possible war-time requirements.

Theoretically, perhaps, full government control of the armament industries is scientifically the most coherent principle. Failing that, and it raises some thorny questions—it



W. G. H. JEPHCOTT, F.C.A., of P. S. Ross and Sons, elected first vice-president of the Institute of Chartered Accountants of Ontario.

seems better to impose some rough and ready taxation than one which is necessarily so complicated as to defeat its own object.

LETTERS

Financial Editor.

Dear Sir:
I am enclosing two clippings, one which, from Barron's Weekly, says that "there is no doubt under the Dow Theory that the primary trend must be assumed to be still down while the other, from your own paper asserts that the primary trend is upward with the secondary trend downward. I would much appreciate your comments—or better still, those of Haruspex himself—as to how he and Barron's can interpret the Dow Jones averages in such different ways.

—J. P. V., Kitchener, Ont.

Answering your inquiry we might first state that the Dow Theory allows some latitude for individual interpretation. Please bear in mind that this theory, after being initially enunciated by Mr. Charles H. Dow around the turn of the century, was extensively elaborated by Mr. William Peter Hamilton over the three decades following and that Mr. Robert Rhea more recently, has advanced certain tenets which some students accept as valid; others, as extraneous to the Theory, regardless of their merit otherwise in forecasting market movements.

Our difference with Barron's Weekly noted by you is marked by the fact that they currently indicate the primary trend as downward, whereas we indicate the primary trend as upward but specifically indicate the secondary, or intermediate trend as downward. You will thus see, in the first place, that the difference is one of degree rather than of kind. In other words, both approaches are in agreement as to the direction of the trend under the last signal accorded by the Theory.

Perhaps one reason for this variation in degree resides in the fact that the writer for Barron's Weekly, following an upside breaking of a line formation in the two averages in late February, took the position at the issue of March 6, 1938, that the advance, as a result of this upside penetration, had developed sufficiently to call the intermediate trend as upward. If you will read our column at the same time, you will note that we recognized the strength of late February as a signal of minor advance only. We continued to maintain, as we had throughout the year, that the intermediate trend, despite this signal of minor strength, was still downward. Here, again, you will find us in disagreement with the Barron's writer but, again, the disagreement was one of degree rather than of kind, as is also true in the present instance.

After strength to March 10, the market started downward again and in late March broke the low points established in January. Under our interpretation, as carried throughout the year, this merely reconfirmed the downward trend that, throughout the year, we had maintained as being under way. On the other hand, it is possible that the writer for Barron's having interpreted the intermediate trend as upward in early March, concluded that this renewed breakdown or penetration of the January low in late March was a sufficient evidence of weakness to establish a primary downward movement.

"HARUSPEX"

COPPER

THE METAL WITH A DESTINY

MAN'S earliest use of copper goes back about 6,500 years to ancient Egyptians and Chaldeans just emerging from the Stone Age. Through the centuries, man found many uses for the red metal but the great destiny of copper was not fulfilled until the coming of the electrical age.

No other force has so changed our lives and fostered high standards of living as our inexpensive and ample supply of electricity. And this is so only because of an abundance of copper at reasonable prices.

To every Canadian, the ultimate of this higher standard of living is a home of his own. And here again copper is proving its merit... in guarding homeowners against an annual toll of millions of dollars exacted by rust. For copper *cannot* rust. That's why its place in the home is at every one of those vital points where metal contacts water or weather; for plumbing and heating lines of brass pipe or copper tubes; hot water tanks of Everdur metal; roofing, flashings and rain disposal systems of sheet copper; and screening of bronze.

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PEOPLE

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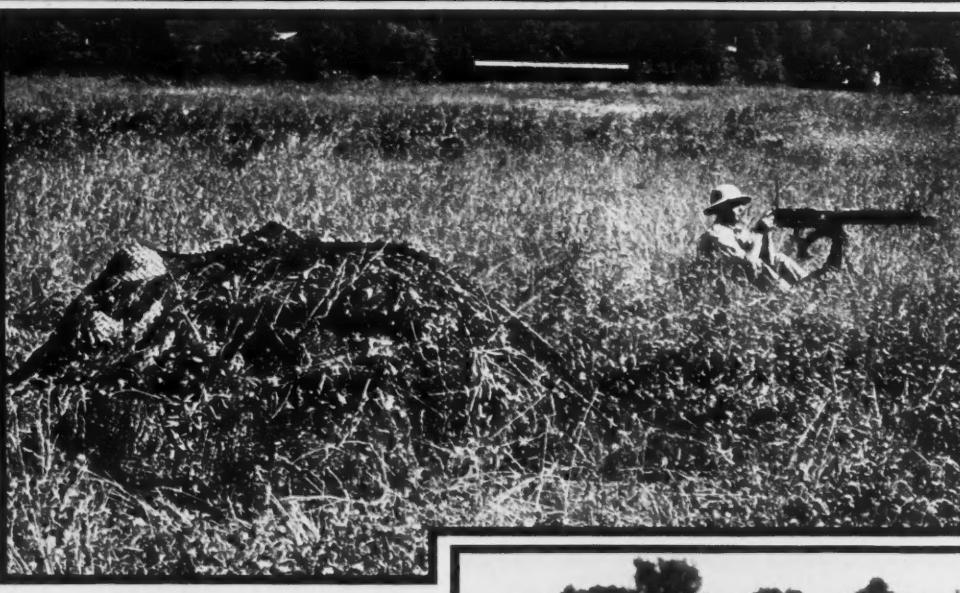
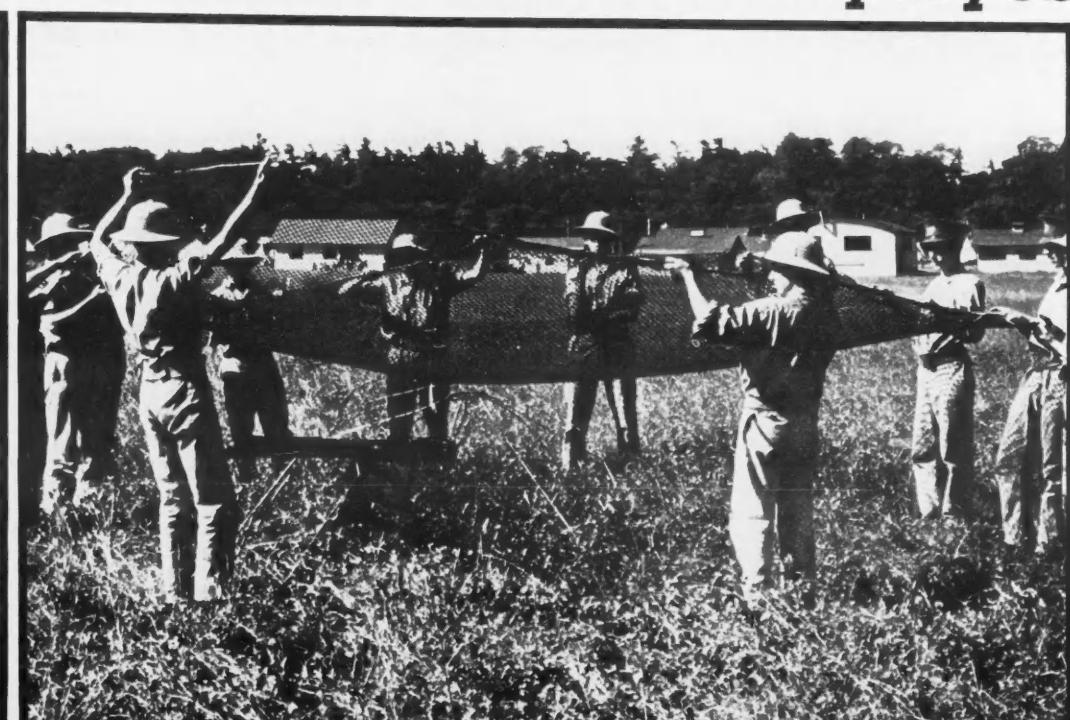
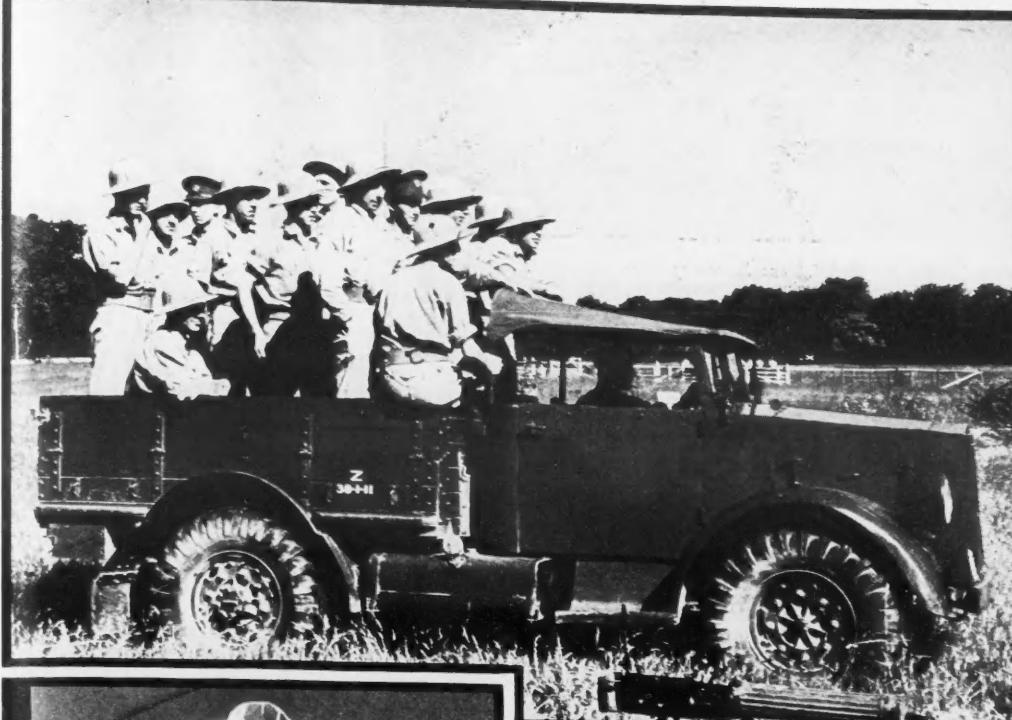
FASHION

HOMES

THE ARTS

TORONTO, CANADA, JULY 8, 1939

The Canadian Militia Learns To Hide From Enemy Eyes



AS LITTLE BY LITTLE more equipment becomes available the training of Canada's citizen-soldiers in the annual camps grows more interesting. This year for the first time camouflage nets and "spiders" were provided and a portion of the training time was devoted to the essential art of concealment. These photographs, made by "Jay" during a visit to the 6th Infantry Brigade at Niagara-on-the-Lake, show, TOP LEFT, a "puddle-jumper", one of the 15 cwt. lorries used for transporting troops and machine guns. RIGHT, the net being placed over the "spider" which is a bundle of pliable steel rods, in position over the gun. SECOND ROW, right, the work nearing completion, and THIRD ROW, left, a completed machine gun emplacement. Careful inspection will reveal the gun muzzle at the left of the picture. RIGHT, a contrast between a camouflaged gun and one in the open. BOTTOM LEFT, two gun numbers at gun drill. The other pictures on the page are typical scenes of camp life, SECOND ROW, left, "The Cook" and "The Bugler". LOWER RIGHT of page, "A Letter From Home". Similar scenes are now being enacted from coast to coast as camp training is in full swing.



MUSICAL EVENTS

The Problem of Musical Refugees

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

APPARENTLY the problem of musical refugees from Europe has become a serious one in the United States. Even before Hitler's revival of mediaeval cruelty in treatment of certain races selected by him for destruction, had culminated in the annexation of Austria and Czechoslovakia, many musicians from Germany itself had sought refuge in America, and in the past twelve months the influx has been heavy. The United States immigration regulations make a distinction between the admission of "Artists", that is musicians of supposedly virtuosic attainment, and ordinary run-of-mine musicians. This is as it should be, but trouble has arisen owing to the fact that all musical refugees claim rank as "artists". The accusation is now made that in certain centres, New York especially, respected orchestral musicians, who have been performing their tasks for years, suddenly find themselves subject to severe competition. Moreover, the young native born musicians, who are being graduated by great conservatories every year, find themselves handicapped. Some weeks ago the outcry in behalf of native born or already naturalized musicians became so formidable that Pierre Key of the "Musical Digest" sent out a questionnaire to heads of a vast number of musical organizations. It read "Is Unrestricted Admission of Foreign Musicians a Factor in Our Music Unemployment Problem?"

Many replies from musical leaders of national fame have just been published, and the consensus of opinion is in the affirmative, though expressions of this opinion vary from extreme asperity to kindly moderation. Some of those queried were on deli-

cate ground because a large percentage of American musical leaders are of European birth or extraction. Walter Damrosch, for instance, is a native of Breslau, Silesia, brought to America when he was nine years old. Joseph N. Weber, President of the American Federation of Musicians, is a native of Prussia. The bitterest comment comes from a native American who bears the foreign name of Sigmund Spaeth, who says "European methods of intrigue are becoming far too common in America" and American creators are "definitely handicapped by their ignorance of the fine points of aesthetic racketeering as practised abroad." There will be those who will wonder whether Europe truly has anything to teach the United States in the matter of racketeering.

Joseph Weber, who as a veteran and very powerful union leader, possibly has the last word in this matter, is brief and guarded. He thinks that "qualified" American musicians should not be placed in competition with foreign musicians "who enter the U.S.A. in an effort to establish themselves as soloists and virtuosos, but failing in this, compete for employment in bands and orchestras." A sane suggestion comes from the famous composer, Mrs. Harriet Beach, who holds that each case should be treated as an "individual problem." The most thoughtful and moderate answer of all is that of the once famous pianist Yolanda Mero (Irion), native of Budapest, though resident in America for 30 years. She is now Executive Director of Musicians' Emergency Fund of New York.

Madame Irion's duties place her in close touch with the actual situation

and she says that her investigation of the accusation that refugees take the jobs of American musicians has not yielded any specific evidence that such is a fact, though plenty of hearsay testimony. On the other hand she knows of two instances where new orchestras have been founded because of the arrival in certain centres of foreign conductors providing employment for large numbers of local musicians. Her remedy, and it is one with which the present writer thoroughly agrees, is "decentralization." By spreading out musical effort and educating new publics in various communities where competent orchestral musicians are scarce, America can absorb musical refugees and perform a fine cultural service. That has been proven in several Canadian centres in the past two seasons.

Wagner and Warmth

It is difficult for me to wax enthusiastic over an all-Wagner concert, especially on a warm, moist night. Nevertheless, it seems to be a convention which tradition demands of orchestral conductors. The warmth and humidity which enveloped Reginald Stewart's recent Wagner program by the Promenade Symphony Orchestra in Varsity Arena, helped to emphasize the technical excellence of the organization; because it is a very difficult business to handle stringed instruments under such relaxing conditions, and keep them tuned up to concert pitch. Under the circumstances the work of the musicians in all sections was impressive.

With the co-operation of two guest-artists, Arthur Gerry, tenor, and Vera Covert, soprano, Mr. Stewart gave nine excerpts all told; three from



MOUNTAIN HOLIDAY. The famous concert violinist Yehudi Menuhin and his wife photographed during a recent visit to Banff Springs Hotel. In the window behind them is reflected the snow-capped peak of Mount Rundle.

old favorite in Montreal where in past seasons he has appeared not only as conductor but as pianist. At his concert last week Mr. Stassevitch played a well diversified program. His interpretative style lends itself to delicate rhythmical effects, and (as heard over the air) his most effective work was in Saint-Saëns' delightful symphonic poem "Omphale at the Spinning Wheel" in which the siren is depicted as subjugating Hercules to the task of spinning. The score is full of charming humorous devices and was capitally performed. Mr. Stassevitch was also at his best in a Russian tone poem "The Enchanted Lake", and gave a graceful rendering of Johann Strauss' "Fledermaus" overture. Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture, and the "Caucasian Sketches" of Ippolitov-Ivanov lacked breadth and virility of treatment.

Merlin Davies, a well known Montreal tenor, was recently soloist and conductor at a massed service held in the U.S. military training camp at Plattsburgh, New York. The band of the 26th U.S. Infantry Regiment participated.

Mention was made recently of a new orchestral work which Josef Weinberger, composer of "Schwanda", has dedicated to John Barbaroli and the New York Philharmonic Symphony Society, and which will have its premiere next October at Carnegie Hall. It is a set of variations on an old English folk tune, and it now appears that King George VI had a share in its inspiration. Weinberger first heard the air while witnessing a news reel depicting a visit by His Majesty to one of the boys' camps he founded while still Duke of York. The boys were shown singing the song with His Majesty joining in and Weinberger was fascinated.

Montreal's summer season of grand operas at Le Chalet, Mount Royal, which seats 5,000, was inaugurated on June 30th, with a production of "Carmen" directed by Victor Brault. Cedia Brault, a handsome and gifted singer, who has sung Bizet's heroine on several previous occasions was again heard in that role and her chief associate was the dramatic tenor, Pierre Vidor, who sang Don Jose.

In its summer issue the "Musical Digest" singles out half a dozen operas unfamiliar to the New York public from among the many who have been heard in recent months with the admonition "Keep your eyes on these people!" Among the group so honored is the Toronto soprano, Mary Bothwell. Miss Bothwell gave a vocal recital at the Town Hall last autumn, which was well received, but a more recent success was a recital before the Rubenstein Club. Her intelligence, quality of voice and easy production impressed all who heard her. A number of years ago while a student with Otto Morando in Toronto, Miss Bothwell was frequently heard by Canadian audiences. Subsequently Mr. Morando removed to Hollywood, where he became instructor in voice production for many film stars. Miss Bothwell shortly afterward went to California as one of his studio assistants, and within a short time became recognized as a concert vocalist up and down the Pacific Coast. The recognition she has lately won in New York is the result not only of a naturally fine voice, but indefatigable study.

Concerts and Artists

The annual summer school of Toronto Conservatory of Music commenced this week and will continue until the end of July. Its forces include a great pianist of two generations, Moriz Rosenthal, with his wife Hedwig Rosenthal, also famous; in addition to other noted instructors. In connection with the school a series of weekly concerts is being given on Tuesday afternoons at Conservatory Recital Hall, the first of which was heard this week. It took the form of a joint recital by John Reymes-King, M.A., F.R.C.O., a distinguished English musician who came to Canada some months ago to take the post of organist and choirmaster at Knox Church, Toronto; and Helen Simmle, soprano. Mr. Reymes-King's program was wonderfully varied, ranging from classic works for organ by Bach and Handel to transcriptions of music by Tudor composers and nineteenth century celebrities like Moussorgsky, Smetana and Delibes. Miss Simmle sang with admirable quality of voice and expression Bach's vocal cantata "Happy Flock" and lyrics by moderns like Martin Shaw and Arthur Fagge.

The purely orchestral offerings were the melodious and haunting overture to "The Flying Dutchman" of which conductor and musicians gave a sonorous, virile and nobly rhythmical interpretation: "Ride of the Valkyries" in which the strings made the horses whinny in a most spirited fashion; and the Wedding March from "Lohengrin" played with notable fervor and delicacy.

Owing to western engagements the announced appearance of Sir Ernest MacMillan, as guest conductor of Concerts Symphoniques, Montreal, had to be postponed, and both concerts of the last two weeks in June were conducted by the Russian musician, Paul Stassevitch, of New York. He is an



Art is seldom the result of inspiration alone. The work which endures, be it sculptured marble or painted canvas, bears as well the unmistakable print of time... and patience. It is the same in wider spheres of Art—for instance in cigarette blending—the hand of genius cannot be denied. You notice it immediately in CERISE No. 2 Russian Cigarettes for into their preparation goes the same painstaking pride of craftsmanship as when, many years ago, Alexander Boguslavsky himself blended them by hand for the gentry of his time. Discerning smokers today, who recognise and appreciate the old standards of excellence, will find in CERISE No. 2 something pleasingly different, something inherently satisfying.

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Among the Conductors

In days gone by, few conductors were personally so well known to Canadians as Dr. Nicol Sokoloff of the Cleveland Orchestra. In addition to concert tours in this country his orchestra was heard with choral organizations like the late Dr. Broome's Oratorio Society in Toronto and the Elgar Choir in Hamilton. It was the unquestionably who built up the Cleveland Orchestra to its present high level. Two or three seasons ago he became director of the Federal Music Project of the WPA, with headquarters in New York, a post which he resigned in May. At present he is in San Diego, California, conducting summer concerts but in the early autumn will become conductor to the Seattle Symphony Orchestra. Music lovers in the neighboring city of Vancouver, B.C., will undoubtedly have a chance to hear him. The Pacific Coast though gaining Dr. Sokoloff is losing another eminent conductor, Willem van Hoogstraten, well known to the American public East and West since 1922. Since 1925 Hoogstraten has been conductor of the Portland (Ore.) Symphony Orchestra, but is leaving America for Naziland to become permanent conductor of the new Salzburg Mozarteum Orchestra.

Damrosch on the Screen

At the age of 77 Dr. Walter Damrosch is following the lead of Stokowski and Paderewski, and going into the movies. He is now at work in Hollywood and will be one of the cast of a Paramount film "The Star Maker" in which Bing Crosby is the star, and a child soprano, Linda Ware, is featured. The dean of American composers and conductors, supporting Bing Crosby and a child prodigy! Damrosch's own comment on his decision was "This is a crazy world!" I have retired from public life! It is a fair supposition that he will be generously compensated.

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Seven years, of course, is only a step in the life of a "Monel" Sink. In scores of hotels, restaurants,

and hospitals where service is much more severe than in the home, "Monel" surfaces have been in use for more than 25 years. They still look new and bright. For "Monel", though beautiful as sterling, is a solid metal with no coating to wear, chip or crack. Its hard, non-porous surface is almost as smooth as glass—easy to clean and keep clean. And because of the natural resiliency of the metal, dishes are less likely to chip or break when dropped on a "Monel" surface.



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GRACE PANVINI, coloratura soprano, won instant success when she appeared as the assisting artist at the Promenade Symphony Concerts last season. Her return engagement next Thursday evening at Varsity Arena will further endear her to a Toronto audience. The guest conductor will be Sir Adrian Boult who also appears for the second time, through the courtesy of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.



FILM PARADE

From the Wrong Side of the Bed

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

I DON'T know what was the matter with the people on the screen this week, but it seemed as though everybody had got out of the wrong side of the bed. It wasn't just wickedness and violence, though there was the usual quota of that; it was plain crossness and bad manners, the kind you meet with on subways and, on bad mornings, in your own household.

It began with "Calling the Kildare." When I came in Dr. Gillespie (Lionel Barrymore) was calling Dr. Kildare everything that he could think of. It seemed that young Dr. Kildare, whom Dr. Gillespie was nursing along as America's most promising diagnostician, had pronounced a patient to be suffering from "Q" fever when he was really just sick from worrying because he hadn't met the payments on his piano. The scene that followed was almost as painful to the audience as to Dr. Kildare. Dr. Gillespie sneered, roared, snarled and thumped, while Dr. Kildare sulked. It was a relief when the young diagnostician was banished to a field dispensary where he did nothing worse than fail to diagnose the case of a small child who had swallowed a jack. (While Dr. Kildare frowned and worried and wondered whether perhaps the little patient was suffering because she hadn't met the payments on the piano, her mother simply turned her upside down and thumped her; and if young Dr. Kildare is a diagnostician then I am Susannah of the Mounties.)

Infection Spreads

However, we were soon back at the hospital where Dr. Gillespie was roaring abuse at everyone from the switch-board girl to the Superintendent. Occasionally a middle-aged nurse would put her head in the door and say sourly, "Well what's the matter with you now you old bear?" which didn't make things any better. By the time we had got back to young Dr. Kildare the infection of irritation had spread to the audience. "You big sap you!" the girl next to me said fiercely when Dr. Kildare kissed the fast-working blonde in the sable chub coat. Presently even mild Dr. Kildare lost his temper. "You've got a nice nose," he said to the pretty nurse who was secretly in love with him, "but I wish you'd keep it out of other people's business."

I didn't stay for the rest of it. I got up, stumbled over the large gentleman in the aisle, and barely stifling the impulse to mutter "PICK UP YOUR FEET CAN'T YOU, YOU BIG BUM!" hurried out and up the street to "Clouds Over Europe," advertised as one of the season's most joyous comedies. Here at least there would be wit and laughter and cultivated English voices. The first thing I heard was Laurence Olivier growling over a canteen counter to Miss Valerie Hobson, "You ask a lot of questions, don't you?" Miss Hobson laughed a high disagreeable laugh, but before she could reply a plant executive came up and suggested a cup of tea, a sandwich, and a kiss.

Umbrella Relief

He did meet her again five minutes later, at the luxurious apartment of her brother the Major. "So you're here!" he said, sneering coldly, "I was hoping I'd never see you again." "And I was hoping I'd never see you again," Miss Hobson countered wittily. This oblique love-exchange went on for several minutes, then Miss Hobson, declaring he was the most disagreeable, atrocious, insufferable person she had ever met, flounced out of the room and hurried down to the office to be rude to the night editor.

She loved him, of course. And when he and his plane were captured by a mysterious enemy craft she rushed a destroyer to his rescue. She needn't have bothered, however. Mr. Olivier, with the high energy of bad temper, had broken out of the hold of the ship and, seizing a machine-gun, had captured the ship. Nobody made much attempt to stop him. They were probably afraid he would make a scene.

It must be admitted that Mr. Ralph Richardson was a great deal of help in the midst of all these extravagant humors. He was constantly active, high-spirited and sunny and he made great play with a rolled umbrella, the comedy symbol of the season. But even Ralph Richardson couldn't make "Clouds Over Europe" exactly pleasant entertainment. After all, aren't there enough cross-patches in real life, without going to see them on the screen?



THE NEW STEAM CARRIAGE—1828

A Famous Sporting Print by G. Morton



THE SMOKE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

THE horseless carriage has developed into the stream-lined train, automobile and airplane. With each new development in modes of transportation, Britons have increased their reputation as the world's greatest travellers. But, wherever they go, they carry their love for their established institutions—and W. D. & H. O. Wills' Gold Flake is one of these. For Gold Flakes have a distinctive flavour and personality which appeal irresistibly to discriminating smokers who place quality above price. They're the man's cigarette that women like!

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THOSE PRESENT

BY BERNICE COFFEY

REPRESENTING a total of over 60,000 Girl Guides, some 250 members of the Canadian Girl Guides' Association from every province in the Dominion will arrive in Rothesay, N.B. on July 14 for a week's camp at Rothesay Collegiate School. The National Camp is being organized by the Canadian Council and New Brunswick Provincial Council to commemorate the thirtieth anniversary of Guiding in Canada and to discuss plans for the future expansion of the Canadian Girl Guide Movement.

Each province will be represented by 4 Commissioners, 8 Guide leaders and 13 senior Guides and Rangers, while many others interested in Guide activities will also attend.

The Camp Commandant will be Mrs. Hugh Mackay of Rothesay, N.B., Provincial Commissioner, and she will be assisted by Miss Dorothy Purdy, also of Rothesay.

It is expected that Dame Katharine Furse, former Director of the World Bureau in London, England, and a member of the World Committee, as well as Mrs. James Storror of Boston, Mass., who presented the Girl Guides and Girl Scouts of the world with an international holiday and training camp at Adelboden, Switzerland, will be able to attend the camp.

Other special guests will be Mrs. Frederick H. Brooke of New York City, National President of the Girl Scouts of America, who will speak on "Neighborhoods," and Mrs. Edith Thornton Cabot, of Providence, R.I., a Girl Scout Leader and member of the Girl Scout International Committee. Mrs. Cabot will describe Girl Scout activities to the delegates. Miss Eleanor Johnson, of Sanford, Maine, a First Class Girl Scout, will also attend for the week.

The delegates to the National Camp will be welcomed by Mrs. Hugh Mackay, Camp Commandant, Mr. C. H. Bonnycastle, Headmaster of Rothesay Collegiate School who with the Board of Governors loaned the School site for the Camp and F. S. Crosby, Mayor of Rothesay. Mrs. H. D. Warren, C.B.E., LL.D., of Toronto, Chief Commissioner for Canada will play a prominent part in the week's activities as well as Miss K. Nadine Harty of Kingston, Ont., Dominion Camp Adviser and also a member of the World Committee.

The week's program will include group discussions and projects, and among the guests on Visitor's afternoon will be The Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, The Hon. Murray McLaren, C.M.G., V.D., LL.D., M.D., Premier of New Brunswick, The Hon.

A. A. Dysart and The Hon. Senator Cairine Wilson, of Ottawa, a member of The Canadian Council. Dr. William Mackintosh, Director of the New Brunswick Museum will speak on Indian Trails and The Venerable Archdeacon H. A. Cody of Saint John will address the campers on Canadian history with special reference to New Brunswick.

Debutantes' Ball

The Municipal Chapter of Montreal, Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, is to hold its second "Debutantes' Ball" on Friday night, October 20, at the Mount Royal Hotel, under the patronage of Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Lady Tweedsmuir. The general convener will be Mrs. A. T. Stikeman, regent of the Chapter, and the committee includes: Mrs. G. Victor Whitehead, Mrs. Gordon Hyde, Mrs. Stanley Phillips, Mrs. R. R. Delong and Miss Mae Barwick.

Officers Entertain

The officers commanding and officers of the 15th Infantry Brigade, the Royal Rifles of Canada, Les Voltigeurs, the Quebec Regiment and the Levis Regiment entertained at a cocktail party at the Valcartier Camp for the Captain and officers of H.M.S. Berwick. The guests numbering over three hundred, were received by Col. C. W. Wiggs, V.D., Lieut.-Col. A. H. C. Smith, Lieut.-Col. J. Matte, V.D., Lieut.-Col. Jean Chaloult and Lieut.-Col. J. N. Turgeon, V.D.



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THE CAMERA

Preparing Prints For Exhibition

BY "JAY"

Camera Work by Morgan and Lister.

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- Is his idea quickly discernible?
- Is this important to the picture? (35 points)
- Composition.
- Has the idea proper relation to the composition?
- Does it conform to the prescribed rules of composition? (30 points)
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- Print quality.
- Paper surface (proper choice of).
- Process.
- Framing. (20 points)
- Subject Matter.
- Proper title.
- Does it convey an idea?
- Is there relation between pictorial idea and subject matter? (15 points)

Something New

Many years ago an English manufacturing concern placed on the market a solution that was supposed to develop and fix at the same time. For some reason, I cannot recall what, this solution did not enjoy the confidence of the photographers of the day, and soon found itself in the discard.

In the last issue of the U.S. Camera there is an advertisement telling of another step in the advance of photographic chemistry—a new fixer-developer which turns itself off. That is to say, if on a roll of film there are a variety of exposures, when each has reached the point of correct density, it ceases to develop and commences to fix.

My attention was called to this announcement and I was asked if I thought it possible for the solution to do all claimed for it.

I cannot say. I have had no opportunity to test the solution, and

Paper Exposures

Another useful piece of equipment I noticed recently was a meter for giving the correct exposures for enlarging papers. It is of the extinction type, and the price is really low for such an instrument. I am using one myself and find that it really works, and saves both time and money.

Traveling Light

While you are reading this I will be somewhere down in New Brunswick. And I think that this is as good a time as any to answer a question asked me many times—what equipment do you carry when on one of your photographic tours?

I've four cameras. A movie, a graphic, a miniature, and a view camera; 1,600 feet of Kodachrome, 16 packages of colored film for making still slides, 72 film packs, 12 dozen packages of cut film, and my developing outfit. Added to this is a typewriter, two projection machines, films and slides, personal belongings and a pair of crossed fingers as a protection against rain, fog and other atmospheric drawbacks.



THE FORMER MISS JEAN RUSSELL, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William G. Russell of Toronto, whose marriage to Mr. Jack Neilson Kennedy, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Kennedy, of Toronto, took place recently.

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THE BOOKSHELF

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The Lancer Sees Red

BY EDGAR McINNIS

"European Jungle," by F. Yeats-Brown. Collins. \$3.50.

"UNLESS you believe in the Devil," says our Bengal Lancer in his introductory chapter, "this book will provide no explanation of what is happening in the world. We shall always have to wrestle with an Adversary. In this book I have often labelled him . . . the Comintern."

Well, every man to his own labels and his own explanations. But it might be objected at the outset that a label is not an explanation, particularly when the accuracy of the label is somewhat in doubt. And since the Lancer asserts that Bolshevism "can carry its invaders into all sorts of surprising places, such as the Deanery of Canterbury, the ducal demesnes of Atholl, and the White House at Washington," there seems reason to suggest that his accuracy in this respect is open to suspicion. And to anyone who reads this account of the European scene in the light of the established evidence on the events of the past few years, his explanations are likely to seem, not only unacceptable, but downright dishonest.

The Lancer describes Europe as a jungle, and a good many of us would agree. But in this case his jungle has a very curious topography. It is full of dark areas of dense undergrowth infested by Bolshevik poisoners, but interspersed by a few sunlit patches from which these venomous creatures have been completely eliminated. The sunlit spaces are naturally the dictatorships. No shadow of suggestion of a concentration camp mars the serenity of the picture. Italians are industrious and happy. Germans are healthy and happy. Franco is "powerful, energetic, religious, romantic, lovable," and living is cheap in Nationalist Spain. By contrast, in those benighted lands where the hand of absolute authority is still under restraint, there is confusion and inefficiency and a constant succession of outrages, all carried on by Communists whose aim is nothing in the way of a better life, but merely the creation of that universal chaos which will give full scope to their sadistic impulses, and allow

Stalin, "the friend of all the friends of Anti-Christ," to live happily "amid the ruins of our civilization."

By contrast, too, the virtues of Hitler and Mussolini are so dazzling that the Lancer is shocked and pained at any signs of human frailty. The seizure of Czechoslovakia last March, after the bright dawn of Anglo-German friendship at Munich, is something so inexplicable that he can hardly believe his senses. The incident of Albania, too, leaves him something less than comfortable. But he willingly restrains himself from dealing with these unfortunate lapses in order to dwell at length on more pleasant topics. It is true that his accounts of various episodes are a trifle curious. You may find it hard to reconcile your memories of last September with his description of the Munich crisis; and his picture of the joy with which Austria welcomed the Anschluss is decidedly at variance with the normally accepted version of that event. But then, he implies, no newspaper except "The Times" even approaches accuracy in its treatment of news—so it is probably another case of the world being misled by Jewish-Bolshevik propaganda.

In the matter of his faith in the pledges of Hitler and Mussolini the Lancer does admit that he was mistaken, though he remains robustly unrepentant. In the case of Spain he admits nothing of the sort. His chapter is almost hysterical in its account of the terrible things from which Franco saved the whole Spanish people; and to clinch the matter, he heads it with a quotation from the American Declaration of Independence. That whirling noise you have just heard, you will now realize, was Jefferson turning in his grave.

On the whole, I do not consider this book a very reliable guide to the understanding of international affairs. Certainly Bengal Lancer ought to know about jungles, but this is one in which he seems decidedly unwise to have ventured. He may be familiar with the Indian brand, but he is a trifle weak on his European political zoology. And it is hampering to any explorer of jungles to be unable to recognize the beasts of prey.

Articulate Airman

BY G. W. HICKS

"Wind, Sand and Stars," by Antoine de Saint Exupery. Blue Ribbon Books. \$2.75.

AVIATION has long needed someone like Antoine de Saint Exupery. In a craft that has produced men like Rickenbacker, Bishop, Nungesser, von Richthofen and Lindbergh, there has been a great need for a man who, familiar with the feel of the stick and the kick of the rudder, is yet a reflective man. Perhaps because the craft itself is still young, its adherents are laconic, casual and often inarticulate in the expression of experiences and feelings. Charles Lindbergh published "We" which is almost a log book of his flight. Anne Morrow Lindbergh, with a great gift for words and a fine feeling for her husband's profession, published two books: "North to the Orient" and "Listen! The Wind." Saint Exupery contributed "Night Flight" and adds to it "Wind, Sand and Stars." And the creation of aviation literature has begun in earnest.

"Wind, Sand and Stars" is a book of a new kind of world. It is a book of men who take their lives in their hands as casually as the average business man picks up his brief case; of men who penetrate into strange beautiful places and, being turned back, try again; of clean, modest men like Guillaumet who crashed in the high Andes, and after fighting for a week to emerge, walking over two hundred miles and freezing his hands and feet, said only briefly but proudly, "I swear that what I went

We are reminded of an acquaintance whose highest praise of a book is: "I wish I hadn't read it—I wish I still had it ahead of me to read." That would apply here.

"Mountie" Pioneers

"The Law Marches West" by Sir Cecil E. Denny, Bart., Late Inspector North-West Mounted Police. Edited and arranged by W. B. Cameron. With a Foreword by Hon. A. C. Rutherford, K.C., LL.D. J. M. Dent. \$3.00.

BY LT.-COL. HARWOOD STEELE

WHEN I was knee-high to a grasshopper—one of the big juicy ones—poor Saskatchewan knows so much about—I often heard my father speak of his old comrade, Cecil Denny, without the "Sir," as he then was, and I dimly remembered reading his long-dead book "The Riders of the Plains." Now, through the work of an old family friend, Mr. W. B. Cameron, author of "When Fur Was King," "The War-Tail of Big Bear" and other interesting and valuable bits of Canadian history, Denny has returned to life, bringing back with him, in "The Law Marches West," the opening years, the scarlet-and-golden age, of the North-West (now Royal Canadian) Mounted Police.

Perhaps you have heard the expression "No Englishman Need Apply," culled from the "Help Wanted" columns of old-time prairie newspapers and sprung from the legend that all Englishmen were incompetent. Sir Cecil Denny was one of the many who scoffed that legend through service in the Force, the type of whom Ian Hay wrote: "His job, for its own sake, suffices him. He is content to work below the water-line, and if the ship goes forward he is satisfied." An officer of the "Originals" of 1874, he helped to bring Fort Macleod and Calgary into the world, signed with others, the famous Blackfoot Treaty of 1877, and took part in many strenuous patrols



J. E. LEROSSIGNOL
Author of "The Habitant-Merchant".

and difficult arrests. In 1882, he left the Force and became Indian agent at Fort Walsh. During the North-West Rebellion, he had charge of the Blackfoot Nation, whose loyalty to the Great Mother made easier the task of keeping them out of it. Later, when the Canadian Pacific Railway built the Crows Nest Pass branch, he was Police Magistrate at Fort Steele. Another road—a wagon road to link Peace River with the Yukon—called him from 1904 to 1906, as overseer of the pack-train attached to the Police party constructing it. His next post was fire ranger. Finally his literary tastes secured him, in 1922, the appointment of Provincial Archivist and assistant in the Provincial Library at Edmonton—duties he performed till superannuated in 1927. He died in the following year, aged 78, closing a career strikingly representative of those of countless pioneers who, in tackling many frontier trades, upheld the West.

The chapter titles alone show how much he put into that building; and also disprove another legend, told by those familiar with the plains only since the Riders tamed them, the legend that we never had a very wild or awfully woolly West: "The Famous March of the North-West Mounted Police"; "Whoop-up and the Whisky-Traders"; "An Interrupted Card-Game and a Slump in Spirits"; "Sitting Bull Crosses the Line"; "Handing Treaty Seven's Seven Thousand Indians"; "The Mormons Come to Canada"; "The Short Cut to Klondyke—A Tragic Record"; "The Indian Trades His Scalping Knife for A Plough"; "No man or boy, reading those titles and what comes after, can fail to hear war-hoops, trum-pets, galloping hoofs . . .

The history of the Mounted Police has been told so often now that it is a well-beaten trail. But there are very few books by members of the Force, to give the absorbing inside detail, point out the tiny Indian sign in the dust as well as the enormous Rockies. So this work has real value, especially in describing the sheer grit and grim endurance which alone explain that great miracle, the peaceful conquest by 300 Policemen of 30,000 warlike western Indians. In "A Battle With Boreas," when Denny, with Colonel Macleod and Jerry Potts, the famous guide, somehow survived a blizzard which caught them in the open at 65 below zero; in "Belly River Claims a Victim," when the Inspector's four-horse wagon overturned while crossing a treacherous ford and the entire team, with one of the men, were drowned, for all Denny's gallant efforts to save them; and in other chapters the dullest may read between the lines and understand.

New photographs of early scenes have become scarce as elk's teeth. But here are several. And the end-papers—an animated map of the Canadian North-West in 1874—set off a book refreshingly sweet with the scent of prairie grass and saddle-soap and pemican.

Storekeeper

"The Habitant-Merchant," by J. E. LeRossignol. Macmillan, \$3.00.

BY J. LEWIS MILLIGAN

EVERY once in a while someone will assert or deny the existence of a distinguished Canadian literature. Prof. Arthur L. Phelps, of Winnipeg, is reported to have declared in a recent radio broadcast that the Canadian novel was "amateurish and worthless." I do not wish to become involved in this perennial discussion, but after reading these stories by J. E. LeRossignol, I would affirm that there is at least one Canadian story writer whose work is certainly not amateurish.

"The Habitant-Merchant" is a delightful book. Mr. LeRossignol is a master craftsman in narrative and arrangement. He is not a realist—he leaves a lot of ink in the pot, and is an artist in selectivity and arrangement. The scenes and incidents described are compact and vivid, and the characters are alive. Although the people are all commonplace and their lives obscure, there is a charm about the telling of these stories which lifts the life of the French-Canadian Habitant into the realm of romance. That surely is the hall-mark of high class fiction, as distinct from the photography of modern realism.

Jovite Laberge, the habitant-merchant, strikes one as an original creation. With a few strokes of the pen the author presents us with a full-length external and internal portrait of the storekeeper, who fascinates us as much with his droll eccentricities as a business man as he does with his reminiscences. The setting is the interior of a general store in the city of Quebec in the horse-and-buggy days. Edouard Marceau, a young dandyfied commercial traveler from Montreal, discovers Laberge in the course of his rounds. The storekeeper is a shrewd, intractable and waggish character, who drives hard bargain. With patience and finesse, the young salesman breaks down Laberge's barricades of indifference

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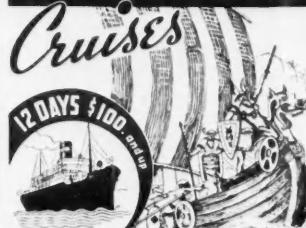
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THE ANNUAL REGATTA on Lake Commandant at the Seigniory Club will be held this year on August 13. Members who have their summer homes on this, the largest of the fifty lakes on the property, hold motor boat races in front of Indian Island and the club guides serve a picnic supper to participants and spectators at the end of the day.

—Photo by Associated Screen News.

PORTS OF CALL**Laurentian Home For Modern Seigneurs**

BY HILDA TURNER

THERE'S a spot on the shore of the Ottawa river where a peacock and his mate strut about, in the gardens nearby pink peonies and sweet smelling syringes are in bloom and only an occasional river steamer slowly passes. The place has a restful personality as though it were dwelling upon the pleasant things it has seen in the past; and being a spot upon the domain of the late great Louis-Joseph Papineau it might lay rightful claim to memories of Iroquois and Hurons, though when the two coincided the result was far from pleasant; and it might treasure, too, the recollection of the quaint steam boats that plied the river in the early days of lumbering before there was a railway between Montreal and Ottawa.

The Seigniory has no longer one seigneur, but many. Canadian and American families share proprietary rights over the great area, hunt and fish in its forest and streams, play golf and tennis in its developed sections, and reside in their own homes or the Seigniory Club's interesting residential building, the Log Chateau. The sense of maturity remains in a new setting. The log buildings fit pleasantly into their backgrounds, the golf course goes into its eighth season of play this summer. Winter and summer sports of all kinds make life cheery for those who have become associated with the Seigniory Club as members.

Preserving the Past

The old Manor House, which Louis-Joseph Papineau built in 1850, and which sheltered his descendants until a few years ago, survives serenely, little changed. The grounds have been kept as they were, the exterior remains almost untouched, and the re-decoration and refurbishing of the interior has been accomplished with an eye to the original arrangement and atmosphere. The building, like the others at the club, is protected from fire by an elaborate sprinkler system; some of the original wall papers and occasional articles of furniture remain as further links with the past.

To the west of the Manor House, on the shore of the Ottawa river, is the Log Chateau, a four-winged building accommodating four hundred persons. Because of its size, the oddity of its construction and the completeness and efficiency of its equipment, non-members invariably are surprised and impressed and members who know it during the four seasons of the year find it friendly and restful. Galleries and public rooms break the building so that it never seems crowded, great trees have been grouped close about the wings, green lawns and flower gardens surrounding them.

Even after nine summers of exciting experience, there is always something to look forward to at the Seigniory Club. Fishing is, of course, the be-all and end-all for many of the club members and when the bass season opens in July they'll be happy.

Today, surveying the great estate with its present owners, the governors and members of the Seigniory Club, little change would be observable. The same beautiful Laurentian hills change colors with the autumn, roll endlessly to the horizon in grey and purple in winter, and lose themselves in the golden haze of summer, as the years go by. A road has been opened into the heart of the hundred and four square miles of forest country so the great lake sprawling among the hills on the northeast corner of the Seigniory is more accessible; rangers' cabins and observation towers to guard against fire are to be found tucked away among the trees; but for the greater part, the beauty of the country is untouched. Winding roads looping high to the hill crest break the slopes commanding a panorama out over the Ottawa Valley; the luxuriant green of a challenging golf course forms a new pattern among the trees of the foothills near the river.



AN AIRPLANE LOOKS DOWN on the Log Chateau, great star shaped residential building of the Seigniory Club in the Province of Quebec, with the garage and staff buildings in the background and the boat house and harbor on the right. —Photo by Associated Screen News.

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CANADIANS IN LONDON

"Comforts of Life" For Overseas Students

BY MARY GOLDIE

TO LONDON, that city in the centre of the world, with its great museums, its great art galleries, its great universities, its great music, come students from all parts and corners of the world. It is natural that they should congregate here to benefit by the vast opportunities for study which the city holds. It is also natural that, when they do come, there should arise for them the problem of accommodation during their stay. London is a difficult place in which to find suitable living quarters and especially trying for those who come from the Dominions where the ordinary "comforts" of life are taken for granted. So it is with something of a shock that they discover that to live cheaply in London usually means doing without these comforts to which they have been accustomed.

However, such difficulties are now, for the majority of Dominion students in London at least, alleviated and perhaps obviated by that excellent institution and residence, London House, where students find the interest and enjoyment of comradeship with other students, as well as the joys of comfortable accommodation. London House has been in existence for some years and, owing to the influx of students from the Dominions, it has become necessary of late to procure funds for its enlargement. A reception, attended by the Duchess of Gloucester, was held recently at St. James' Palace, in connection with its extension. Many prominent Dominion residents in London were present and the Duchess of Gloucester showed particular interest in the proposed enlargement of the hall of residence.

It is interesting, too, to learn of another club for students in London, the Student Movement House, which is also to be enlarged. In March, 1915, a room was opened in Kingsway Hall, London, as a meeting place for refugee students from Belgium, Poland and Russia. All the members were men and the common language of the club was French. From this grew the Student Movement House in Russell Square, Bloomsbury, with nearly 1,000 men and women members from over 50 different countries, including Estonia, Iran, Peru and Siam. It was in November, 1917, a year before the Great War ended, that this House was opened by the Archbishop of Canterbury as a memorial to the British students who had died in the War. There were then 75 members. After the Armistice young men who, a few months earlier, had been enemies, were sharing the same tables in the restaurant.

Now the Club's population is a floating one for some students come to London for a year, some for five years, others for only a few months and then return to their own countries. The club is run by a staff of four, all of whom are university graduates. Only a student who has been educated at a university may become a member of the club and they pay only 26 shillings for a year's membership, or 5 shillings a month for temporary membership. The club is open all the year round from 11 a.m. until 11 p.m. The difference between this club and London House is that no students sleep here but are able to get all meals



MRS. RUPERT PARKINSON who, before her recent marriage in St. George's Church, Oshawa, was Miss Maud Cornwall, daughter of Mrs. Cornwall and the late William Alan Cornwall of Oshawa.

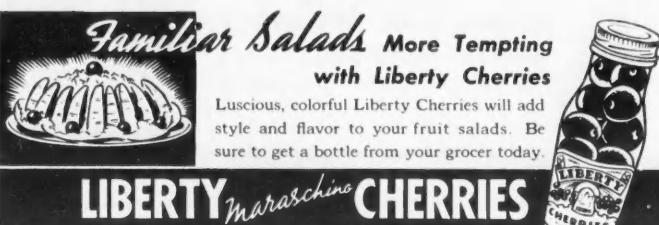
for the Canadian Forces in the Great War and wrote a book entitled "Canada in Flanders" in 1916. And now, near at hand, with its boundaries marching with those of Cherkley Court, is the home of another Canadian, Mr. R. B. Bennett, who made his name in Canada before coming to England, but who has the same great love of the English countryside as his fellow Canadian who achieved fame in this country.

From The Balkans

Lady Maureen Stanley was the guest speaker at the monthly meeting of the Canadian Women's Club of London this past week. Lady Maureen has just returned from a trip through the Balkan States where she was sent by the British Council as lecturer. The British Council was formed some five years ago with the purpose of establishing and strengthening cultural relations between the British Empire and other countries. It also sends out teachers of English to foreign lands and it was interesting to hear Lady Maureen state that in Athens there are at present 5,000 people learning English and in Bucharest between 3,000 and 4,000. In her travels, Lady Maureen visited Greece, Yugoslavia and Roumania and had the opportunity of talking to the heads of these governments. She has come back to England with a great love for these small states, today so precariously situated, and with a sense of responsibility towards them which she speaks of with great depth of feeling.

Country Women

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Massey held a reception at their home in Hyde Park Gardens for delegates to the Triennial Conference of the Associated Country-women of the World. I was interested in hearing of their activities from



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several of the women with whom I talked, and it was something of a surprise to realize that this movement was started in Canada, from where it has spread throughout the world. There are delegates in London now from a great many countries and these women meet and discuss and consider points of common interest. I asked about the problem of a common language, and was informed that the three languages used were English, French and German but that in actual practice both English and German were more widely used than French. But whatever the language, the women seem to be thoroughly enjoying their stay in England and when the Conference closes many of the Canadian delegates are choosing to remain a little longer in this country to see some of its sights. The many meetings and gatherings have allowed little or no time for sightseeing.

Sh-h-h-h-h-h-h

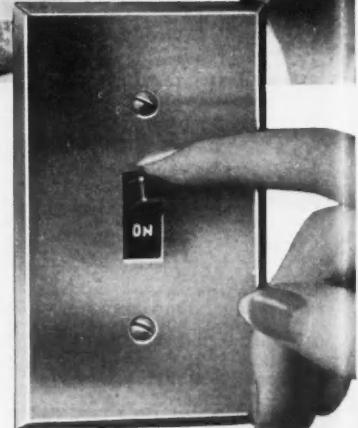


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WORLD OF WOMEN

Hints From the Midseason Collections

BY GERALDINE HOPE

THE midseason collections lead a double life. Their objects are to give us the latest midsummer fashions, and the first hints of new modes for fall. Some houses concentrate on one, some on the other, some undertake to do both. In both, the woolen story is of first significance, though naturally enough, its biggest role is for autumn. So let us take that first, confining ourselves to what is really new.

Suits still hold the spotlight, and ninety-five out of a hundred are wool. They tell me that the women's tailors are the busiest people in Paris at the moment, for every woman wants her wardrobe to be prepared for possible emergencies with a presentable, practical suit. For sports and morning wear, tweed types are well to the fore, with the choice falling on close weaves, small designs like checks, with an occasional touch of plaid for gaiety, and lots of patternless, mannish materials, such as Shetlands and homespuns. Very new, in sports suits, is Schiaparelli's bloomer skirt, done in smooth tweeds and mixtures, cut in garters, with the hem turned under, like the Turkish or harem skirt beloved of Poiret before the war.

Plaids Remain

For all-day suits, close, smooth weaves prevail, for the general tendency is towards plain surfaces. Here and there, we have a slight self-color pattern, such as a raised rib, or a small armure-like design in the weave. Black and navy head the color story, which is mainly dark, when it is not neutral, though a warm, rich red enlivens it here and there. In the town suit, there are two new developments, both carried out in woolens. Schiaparelli's long, basque-like jackets, like pictures of the modes of the Seventies, close-fitting as a corset, slightly longer in front and curved in a point, buttoned up to the little collar with a single row of buttons. Sometimes the skirts of the frocks that accompany them are slightly draped on the hips, in apron or pannier-fashion. The other novelty is Mainbocher's afternoon suit, with loose, straight, wrist-length jacket over a slim frock, done in soft black wool, often with modified fullness in front of the skirt, and sometimes with a jumper-like, low-waisted bodice, while the jacket is covered with soutache embroidery in handsome designs.

For evening, for the evening tailleur is too useful, and too suitable to modern conditions to be abandoned, there are soft weaves, like crepe, satiny surfaces like thin broadcloth, and hard weaves, like Heim's firm white serge.

"Fit and Flare"

The coat story is a big one. The coat trimmed with fur promises to rival the short bulky fur jacket over a frock that has held our favor so long. Several houses confine their fall models almost entirely to coats, among them Mainbocher, Bruyere and Heim. The favorite type is the "fit and flare", much varied according to individual interpretation. This looks stunning with the lavish fur trimmings, revived large collars, cape effects, "hour-glass" lines in front, panels, deep hems, wide bands running down the sleeves, done mostly in fox for afternoon wear, and often in Persian lamb on velours de laine for all-day coats. Maggy Rouff's use of the latter fur in narrow scalloped bands, like a wide braid, on soft black coats is notable, and Balenciaga finishes many a black fit-and-flare model with a small Persian lamb collar. He also has an afternoon type that is new. Done in black velours de laine, it begins with a slightly flared coat-frock, over which goes a short cape, with long ends in front, edged with black fox at the tips and run through the belt. This scarf-cape comes off. Both these houses feature four-piece cape ensembles; Maggy Rouff's in two colors, black circular wool cape, short fitted colored wool jacket (green or petunia) edged with Persian, over a black princess frock, its circular skirt several inches shorter than the fur-banded underskirt of the color. Balenciaga's capes are straighter, and hug the shoulders. One is in black velours de laine type, the other in cocoon-brown homespun. Heim's full coats are of redingote type, richly furred to the collar, snug at the waist, flared in

the skirts and usually single-breasted. Mainbocher's fine series of coats are both fur-trimmed and furless. The latter are rather straight, though easy to move in; the former may be full in front, in the back, or all round, and are richly trimmed with fur. He also revives the flattering big fur collar. His plain black ones are fastened with buttons straight out of the treasure chest, or worn with bright scarfs and gloves, for "Bright Black" as he calls it, is his favorite color scheme for fall.

The coat that hangs full from the neck or shoulders is also seen. Bruyere's are particularly interesting, because she has used unusual woolens for them, thick, almost plushy-surfaced coatings, as well as heavy kasha-like types. They often have odd fur patches, unusual pockets, bisho-type sleeves, and wide collars that can be worn turned down or up around the head. She likes to elaborate them with padded stitching in rows or arabesque designs. Balenciaga, too, has a coat in this rough material in iron-grey.

"Celluloid" Colors

The midsummer models show interesting uses of wool, for town, resort, and beach wear. The manufacturers have learned their lesson from the inhabitants of hot climates, and have realized that this fabric, in suitable weights, has thermostatic qualities that make it of great value in combating heat, rapid changes of temperature, and the concentrated rays of the sun. Even in collections



MRS. J. FRANK HILL of St. Catharines, Ont., who with her husband has been holidaying in England and on the continent.

—Photograph by Pearl Freeman, London.

devoted to clothes for summer wear, the new thin wools are frequently seen. Paquin's series of delightful suits, strict and trim, in colors more brilliant than anything ever seen for suits before, and all in lightweight flannel, were applauded by everybody. They call these "celluloid" colors, and they do remind one of celluloid toys, in cerise, magenta, intense turquoise-green, as well as in orchid-mauve. All the collections use thin woolens, crepes and linen-weaves in the majority, for frocks, often in Navy with fresh white touches. Many of the new, thin, crisp, tailored woolens for lightweight suits rival linens. Paquin and others use the gossamer wool muslins, printed like crepes, for midsummer frocks. Alix and others give us draped frocks in wisp-like jersey. Most houses offer us simple, straight, often unfastened coats, in thin woolens, pastel or dark, to wear over our printed or pale colored gowns, on cool summer days.

CONCERNING FOOD

Keep Cool and Keep Your Chin Up

BY CYNTHIA BROWN

IT IS NOT the difficulty of thinking about food. I am practically always thinking of food—when I am not thinking of drink—in the summer. The difficulty is writing about it. That's what rouses my remarkable appetite to frenzy.

I know it is balmy of me, when June is blazing into the glory of early July, to be preoccupied with food. The scent of syringa in the evening is divine, the great bushes of white peonies and garden roses in the sun, even though they are in other people's gardens not mine, thrill me. The days are long and lovely. Yet there are hours (between meals) on these fine days when I swear I would willingly swap my nine children and the dachshund and throw in the most becoming summer hat I have ever owned for a great bowl of cold, ripe strawberries drowned in country cream. If anyone cared to remember that it was a whole hour since we had lunched off broilers, iced asparagus and a frozen mousse—and begged me to precede the strawberries with a recently boiled and chilled lobster I wouldn't mind a bit. That's what this weather does to my appetite. Do you wonder I dread concentrating on writing a food column just now? It wrecks my figure and my disposition.

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Line the outer mould with Aspic jelly, and when cold line it about 2 inches thick with the cooked fish cream and let it set with the second part of the mould (really a small bowl will do quite well) in the centre.

Now take some more fish—cooked boiled salmon, or even lobster if you can rise to it, or some more finnan haddie poached in milk, and tinted pink with tomato sauce. Put this fish also through the sieve. Mix it with an equal amount of whipped cream. See that it is well seasoned. Put this into the tray of your electric refrigerator. It should be quite smooth, and with an occasional stirring will take about four hours to freeze.

For this a first course at a summer luncheon.

spring vegetables. Aspic is endlessly useful. Here, for example, in a dish that is a bit of a nuisance but enormously effective for hot-weather party. Buy yourself a double mould—one fits inside the other and they cost little—follow this recipe which you have paid for with your subscription to SATURDAY NIGHT and away you go.

Fish Bombe

Cook one smoked finnan haddie, or a good sized fillet (less trouble but correspondingly less flavor) and one filleted fresh flounder separately; the first by simmering for about 15 minutes, the second by boiling for 20 minutes. Put them, skinless and boneless, through a sieve. (It is not such a depressing job as your expression suggests.)

Line the outer mould with Aspic jelly, and when cold line it about 2 inches thick with the cooked fish cream and let it set with the second part of the mould (really a small bowl will do quite well) in the centre.

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For this a first course at a summer luncheon.

Iced Cucumber and Eggs

Cut the peel off the four sides of a large cucumber, making it almost square. Cut it across in slices about $\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick and take out the

seeds. Set the resulting squares, which have holes in the middle, on ice or in the chilliest chamber of your electric refrigerator. Boil eggs for five minutes and throw them into cold water; peel them. Fill the holes in the cucumber squares with mayonnaise, to which a little chopped onion, and tarragon if available, have been added. Set the egg firmly on it, cutting a slice off the end of the egg if necessary.

Sorry we have had to go through so many sieves this week. The mere writing about them has made my arm ache. But then I'm hungry.

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THE BACK PAGE

The Death of a Revolutionary

BY MORLEY CALLAGHAN

THE other day Ernest Toller, the famous German poet and dramatist, committed suicide in exile in New York. Many pieces have been written about his death. I have just read a piece by Dorothy Thompson and a poem by the English poet, W. H. Auden. That he should have chosen to have died by his own hand seems to have profoundly shocked the intellectual world because he was a revolutionary poet who dreamed and worked for a new and free society. So his death had great political significance. The world proclaims him a martyr to fascism.

But I've been wondering how the doctrinaire Marxians, Trotzkites and Stalinites actually feel in their hearts about Ernest Toller's death; I've been wondering what kind of a pang came into the hearts of revolutionary leaders all over the world.

Remember this man chose to destroy himself by his own hand. He looked over the world and was full of despair. Suicide is the final personal act of despair; it is the last possible personal gesture that separates a man from all mass movements.

The good Marxian can shrug his shoulders and say, "Sure, it's true Toller gave his life to the revolutionary movement, but the way he dies is just a demonstration of petty bourgeois defeatism. He didn't know the right answers. Or if he did know

THE PRESS

Fugitive Educator . . . Gives Self Up . . . on Reading of Hunt in "Globe and Mail." *The Globe and Mail*.

Fugitive Educationist Read of Hunt in "Star" and Then Gave Himself Up. *Toronto Daily Star*.

Anyway, he gave himself up.

them he wasn't trained in them. Anyway, look at his origins. He was never a true proletarian. Hence in a crucial period in revolutionary politics he resorts to such a bourgeois gesture as a personal suicide. Personal problems are unimportant in the movement." If that sounds too glib, and unfair to the Marxians, I am sorry, but basically it must be the Communist approach to Toller's death. I don't mean in the hearts of individual revolutionaries; they got the same shock that everybody else did; but they must subscribe to the routine answer.

And it is these routine answers that begin to infuriate me. Maybe Toller felt the same way about it. Maybe, driven into exile by fascism, he saw no hope for his new world and his dream because in our time revolutionary and counter-revolutionary

movements leave little hope for man as a man—as a human being. If Toller's death would thrust the personal problem or the fate of the single individual right back into the teeth of the revolutionary leadership throughout the world it would be a great death and have great meaning. But I don't think it will. For the

ception of man such a pattern offers. How are people who have no interest in the fate of individuals to explain the suicides of revolutionaries? Surely such conduct on the part of men who understand history and mass movements and the whole dialectic is disturbing, just as the conduct of the old Bolsheviks at the celebrated Trotsky trials was disturbing.

I think of walking down a street in New York one afternoon with a young writer who swung far to the left at the time of the trials. He was greatly disturbed; not so much by the probable guilt or innocence of the old Bolsheviks, but by an explanation of their peculiar conduct offered to him by a man who had been one of the editors of the *New Masses*, the leading communist review: my friend has been told very earnestly that if people were finding the behavior of the old Bolsheviks hard to understand at the trials it was because they didn't understand the Russian soul; if they would read Dostoyevsky, however, they would understand it. Not Marx, Engels, Zola, or any one of a number of materialistic writers, but the reactionary Dostoyevsky, with his Christian and mystic insights in the Russian soul.

Yes, Toller's conduct, too, will be hard for many a young revolutionary to understand. His personal problem, his personal despair, became bigger for

LETTERS

Sir: Now that the newspapers are playing down the European situation, I get a cold chill every morning as I turn over to page 2 to see if war has been declared.

J. B. WATSON.

him than his revolutionary hope. If the trouble was that he was what they call an "imperfect Marxist," then, like a lot of other liberals and socialists who belong to the political left wing, these years in Europe must have seemed like limbo.

When Toller came to America he brought with him, inside him, all that had happened in Europe in the last decade. It added up to death. He and his people had been persecuted. Everything he stood for had taken a bad beating.

Every time Toller sat down in a restaurant by himself he must have wondered how it all could have happened so quickly. First the great hope of a new social order after the war, his struggle for it in Germany, his fame as a writer. Then the rise of fascism in Italy, the collapse of the revolutionary movement in Germany where it had been so strong—a sudden almost voluntary surrender. Then Hitler; then Austria. The bombardment and destruction of the socialist apartment houses in Vienna must have shown him clearly what the end of his dream was to be. The rise of the popular front in France may have given him a brief hope, and the new Spanish republic surely exalted him, but how long did they last? That was all dead or dying when Toller came to America.

Toller knew when they rang down the curtain. They did it at Munich—in some style too. It's a funny thing about Munich. People still go around talking about the big mistake Neville Chamberlain made in talking turkey with Hitler. Mr. Chamberlain is a business man and not stupid, and when he stands up in the House of Commons under violent attack on the subject of Munich he is pretty unperturbed. And with good reason. Outside of a bit of partitioning here and there Munich

WISDOM

When I was young, with shining eyes, I met a man, with age grown wise, Who said, "Oh, learn to compromise."

I heard the words that wisdom said, But still the thought ran through my head That I should rather—much!—be dead.

ROBERT SYRETT.

PARTING REQUEST

When you confessed to me The secrets of your heart, How moved was I to see The blots on that white chart! And then we had our tea.

When the *récit* begins To him who, newly-sought, But for a moment wins Your heart, include me not In your catalogue of sins.

ROBERT SYRETT.

did big things for Europe: it threw a wet blanket over the revolutionary spirit that just about smothered it. You ought to have talked to some of your communist friends around that time: they were feeling Ernest Toller's despair all right. And by the way, what has become of the Popular Front in France?

So after Munich, for Ernest Toller, there was nothing left. There was still a revolutionary program, of course, there was still Marxian inevitability, if he wanted to believe in it. But when he put these things against his own personal suffering and his own personal despair they were not enough. In these dark days for revolutionaries a lot of people are going to ask themselves the question: is a revolutionary program enough?

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The Publishers.

SATURDAY NIGHT, The Canadian Weekly

The Week-End Visitor

BY HAL FRANK

SHE: We're awfully glad to have you up at the cottage, Mr. Bumblethorpe. I know you're going to enjoy yourself. You brought your swimming-suit, of course?

He: No.

She: Dear, dear, how thoughtless of you. Well, I'm sure we can dig one up for you.

He: You misunderstand. I don't swim.

She: You don't swim? Why, Mr. Bumblethorpe, how extraordinary. I thought everybody swam. Well, you simply must learn. I'll get John to teach you.

He: I don't want to learn. I hate the water—I always turn blue.

She: Oh, dear, this is a crisis, isn't it? Swimming is about all we do up here. Oh, I know. There's the canoe. You can go for a paddle while we're taking a dip.

He: Mrs. Godwin, please don't mention canoes. They give me the horrors.

She: You mean, you're afraid of them?

He: They tip so easily.

She: You could go in the row-boat?

He: Mrs. Godwin, I don't like any kind of a boat. Outside of the 'Queen Mary,' that is.

He: Thanks very much, but I don't drink.

